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# World Review


INCORPORATING REVIEW OF REVIEWS

EDITED BY EDWARD HULTON



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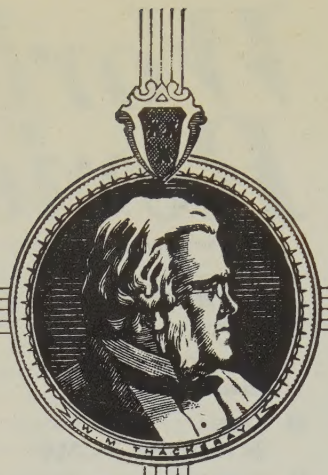


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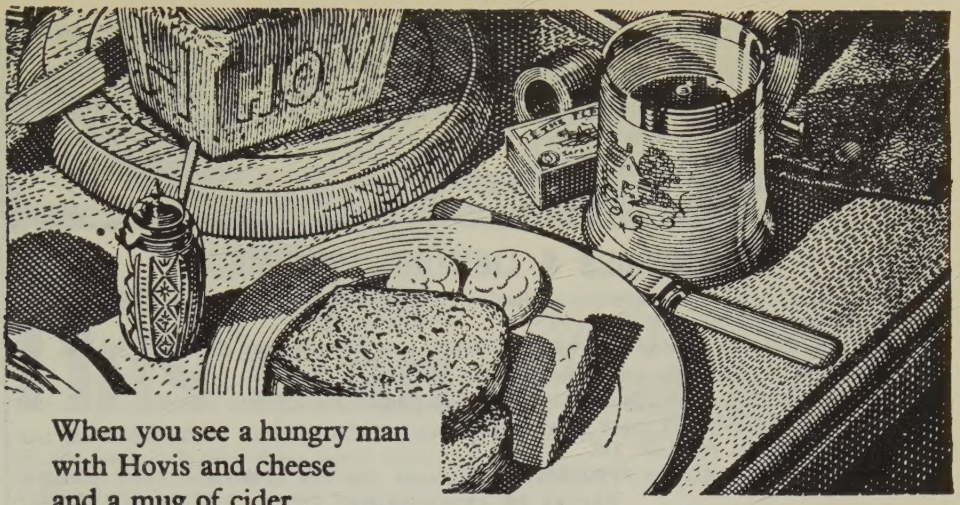

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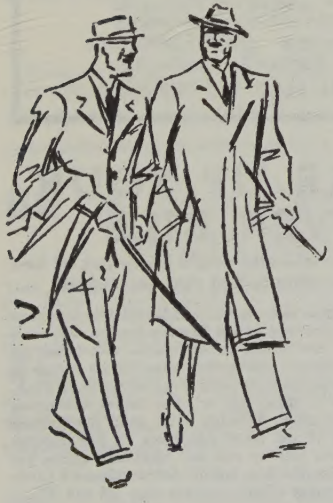

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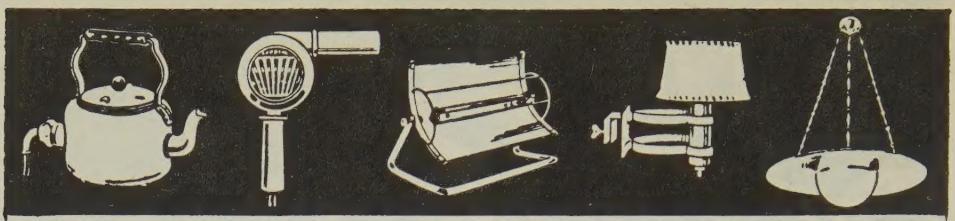

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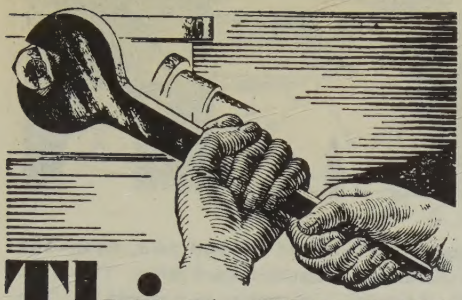

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# Thinking Aloud—

Edward Hulton

## Conscription?

FOR the first time in the middle of peace this country is seriously concerned with the imposition of Conscription for the Armed Forces. (I can remember Lord Roberts' efforts before 1914, when I was a child, and the newspaper cartoon of British conscripts portrayed as frogs and wearing French képis.) Of course, the Military Training Act of March 1939 was fairly generally realised to be 'on the eve of' the coming war with Hitler. Though it is not irrelevant to remember that the Labour Party voted against the measure, even at that late date, and that Herbert Morrison, who was a 'conchie' in World War I, was largely responsible for the abolition of O.T.C.s in L.C.C. schools two years after Hitler seized power.

As I write, there is great dissension within the Labour camp, if it can properly be called a 'camp'. Analysis of the figures shows that the Second Reading, if the Conservatives had not lent support, might have been lost by seventy votes; and there is the possibility that if the Conservatives desire to show their disapproval of the reduction to a mere year's service, a combination of the Conservatives with the Labour rebels might defeat the Government.

If I were a Member of Parliament, I would be somewhat exercised as to how to vote on this question. In the first place, if the British and European way of life is to have any influence, Britain must have the strongest 'possible' Armed Force. And a vote cast against Conscription might very well be misunderstood, and might lend encouragement to those who wish to weaken this country.

My sole reason for possibly voting against Conscription would be the consideration whether Conscription is the best way to arm Britain. There is much, as Captain Liddell Hart points out, to be said in favour of a real *armée du métier*, plus consideration of men for *industry*, which is now so vital both in peace and war. It is, of course, a question of the *best use* of our men and resources. There is also the atom bomb! Is it really worth while keeping a lot of men hanging about, in the hope of stopping the atom bomb with their bayonets? On the other hand, it should be obvious that personnel *is* required, especially if the nations refrain, at any rate for the time being, from using the atom bomb; to say nothing of 'little wars' like Palestine, or guarding the 'Western sphere', as in Greece.

LAZARE CARNOT, 1753–1823. *Persuaded the Committee of Public Safety to decree the 'levy in mass' of the French people. Thus this earnest Revolutionary let loose the devil of 'total war'*

What I do not feel satisfied about is this: is our Armed Force really being developed upon the most modern and scientific lines? Further, I feel that for a really scientific heavily armoured force it is necessary to have something in the nature of a *corps d'élite*. This is somewhat against the spirit of egalitarian and Trade Unionist philosophy; but it does tie up with the human and psychological aspects of the whole matter. An *élite* man, especially a volunteer, is worth infinitely more than two or three poor specimens. In fact, one real dud can put a whole unit out of gear. This was proved by both sides during the last war.

In order to get the right number of really good volunteers, however, it would be necessary to make them feel that they were entering a crack corps. In other words, if only for recruiting purposes, it would be necessary to reverse the present appeal, and to make the recruit feel that there was something *exclusive* about the army (see current advertising campaigns), and that he was faced with the embarrassing possibility of having to tell his girl friend that he had failed to get into it. There could be, as indeed there are in the Soviet Army of today, a number of different units, or regiments, all supposed to be of varying excellence and efficiency. These various units should have definite distinctions of uniform. The uniform, in fact, is an important psychological part of the whole campaign. It should be distinctly soldierly and manly, and not too much of the battle-dress type, at any rate for 'walking out' and ceremonial occasions. There is everything to be said for the reintroduction of scarlet for the best troops. The cost of this, taking into consideration modern methods of production, would be negligible; and the red coat *is* the British Army; just as the képi and the red trousers *were* France.

The idea, starting at the time of the French Revolution, of arming the whole nation, the theory of 'the armed horde', so dear to Lazare Carnot, '*organisateur de la victoire*', and continued by Napoleon, is quite out of date, if it was ever good; though it has always had a big place in the heart of Mr. Churchill, whose idea was that during the war everybody should be in the army itself, preferably on a white horse.

There is also the question of the proper *placing* of our 'garrison troops'. I do not understand why we are not supposed to be able to keep even ten thousand troops in Greece. We could surely spare some from Palestine without making things much worse there. There is also Cyprus, and other bases; to say nothing of establishments in this country itself. We shall soon also be relieved, I suppose, of our police work in India.

There seems to be little talk of the possibility of raising native troops. The Africans proved excellent during

the last war. This should remind us of our necessary liaison with France, and the consolidation of our position in Africa in co-operation with our new French ally. Incidentally, Duff Cooper did splendid work in getting the new French Alliance. We might even continue to use 'mercenary' Indian troops, or at any rate Gurkhas, who come from the independent Kingdom of Nepal; or possibly troops recruited from the Indian Princes' States. Also what about a Foreign Legion on the French model?

One wonders what the Americans will eventually do upon these lines? Will they raise a large force of Japanese troops? They did use American citizens of Japanese blood during the last war.

On the other hand, a vote recorded against Conscription might be completely misunderstood, and thus constitute something like treason to the idea of security for our comparatively civilised way of life.

Many people think that we could never get enough volunteers, though presumably they would not now have to serve in India; and transport for purposes of leave is much easier than in the old days. There is also the view that our slack modern youth ought to be trained, in more ways than one; and that the nation ought to have impressed upon it the seriousness of the position. On the other hand, the United States is due to give up the 'draft', despite the revolution in her foreign policy. Mrs. Ayrton Gould is going hammer and tongs at our girls, whom she thinks ought to be conscripted into the A.T.S., W.A.A.F., or WRENS.

Those Labourites and Liberals who are taking a line against conscription are, as usual, divided into various groups. Some take up the old semi-religious, or the 'freedom of the subject' line. Others are particularly concerned with the pressing needs of industry; some want to sabotage our resistance to Russia. Many others, with their constituents in mind, must surely be taking the 'Trade Union' point of view—'the whole thing is a sweat, and we don't want to do it'.

The Government's appeasement of the rebels, by reducing the period to one year only, may well make nonsense of the whole scheme, including the sweat involved. Is it possible to believe that the sudden change has really been made with the full approval of military experts? Or is it just another example of putting politics before country? Certainly if there is to be Conscription, or even if we rely upon a volunteer force, a great educational effort could be made, but probably will not, with these young men. It could almost amount to a kind of university course for all; which would be more practical than the present raising of the school-leaving age to fifteen. Apart from taking young people from hard-pressed industry, it is not always realised that, owing to the lack of teachers and school buildings, the amount of education to be given out remains the same. The only change is that more children are to receive it. Therefore the quality of the education given will be greatly lowered. This is not an argument against the benefits of education in general, of which I am a great advocate.

### Party Politics or Country?

Is it party politics or country? This brings up the new appointment of the 'Planning Dictator' Plowden — the Planner to Plan All Planners, or whatever you like to call him. Ministers are right in stressing that ministerial responsibility remains as it is, and that He is no Dictator at all, but just another Civil Servant (temporary) adviser. Yet the absence in ministers' speeches in the

economic debate of anything else new gave the clear impression that He was to be the Answer To All Things. The public will be quite wrong to imagine that P. can do much. Because he has not been appointed to say what should be done for the patient, but to administer the present dosage with more efficiency; and this is the medicine which cannot possibly bring the patient round. No doubt he will be free to *advise* the Government (secretly) that—we must have a national wages policy—that workers should be paid by results—that we cannot afford shorter hours of work —that we are faced with serious inflation—that we should have more consumers' goods and other incentives, and a less fanatical export policy—that there is surely madness in exporting capital goods, including agricultural machinery, and electrical generating machinery to Russia—and that there is urgent need of foreign labour.

However, the Government has had this advice before. The whole point is that the Government does nothing. Why is this? It is because not only its extremist supporters but the Trade Unions will not allow it.

The time has come to think of many things. Amongst these is the continuing obstructive attitude of a large proportion of Trade Unionists, although there are some notable and courageous exceptions. Conservatives are actually almost the worst sinners in their attitude to the Unions. For no Conservative member or candidate ever makes a speech without saying what fine fellows the Trade Unionists are. In fact, Conservative experience of Trade Unions and Trade Unionists is extremely limited. Of course, the workers must have Unions, to protect their position. The dreadful point, however, is the obstructive attitude which the Unions continue to take up, though we stand upon the brink of the abyss. Much as I deplore Russian Socialism, a significant difference between Russian and British Socialism should be pointed out. Russian Socialism is largely a conspiracy to drive the people to work until they drop. British Socialism is a conspiracy to do as little work as possible. It answers to something very strong, very natural, and rather lovable, in the English soul: a desire to avoid work, a profound instinct which has long been common to all strata of English society, and which was perhaps never brought to a greater point of refinement than by the typical Public School boy.

### The History of English Laziness

THE English have nearly always got through history doing the least work of any nation. There is doubtless an element of philosophical intelligence and of true greatness in this. It, in fact, constitutes being a real master race. The Englishman has never 'worked like a black'. And our ability to study and work less, and yet usually win, in peace and war, has infuriated all foreigners for generations untold. Without being exactly a *macreau* in the Continental sense, the Englishman has succeeded in getting other people to work for him, including the unfortunate Scots, by being the best Colonial administrator, the best banker, and by being a good enterpriser and manager of industry and of labour.

This essentially aristocratic system is naturally repugnant to Socialist philosophy. Socialist philosophy is not attracted by Empire builders or business men; and it is really opposed to the whole idea, true or false, of the *real* division of Labour. And Socialism is in the ascendant today. Thus we are no longer a 'master race', and we have

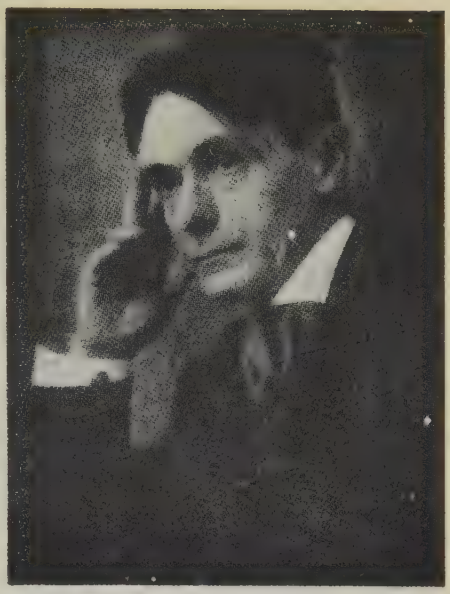
got to get down to working harder ourselves. The Trade Unions should ponder this.

### No Production

THE attitude of the Unions being what it still is—opposed to more production—is why nearly all plans announced by the Government are plans for the *distribution* of what we have actually got, plans for saving coal, and this and that, and *not* plans for *producing* more coal. The daily press, which in some ways seems to be becoming sillier and sillier every day, childishly announced recently with great glee that Cripps had said there was a hundred thousand tons a week more coal for industry. But it was a hundred thousand tons of the *same* coal. Therefore *some sort of somebody* will have to go without. Indeed, one is sometimes tempted to wash one's hands completely of all this saving business, as it tends merely to encourage the 'producers' to produce less. This is not to say that the administration of our dwindling stocks before the great Shut-Down was efficient. Ministers were guilty of incompetence, and of not honestly producing the facts. Elementary mathematics seem to be lacking in them in regard to such things as the allocation of steel for motor vehicles.

However, it is not just a question of administrative failure. The truth is that the *right policy* is not being adopted. This is because of the opposition of the Unions and the Communists.

Speaking of Communists, there will have to be a showdown sooner or later with Mr. Horner. This man has actually begun to find himself very much resented by more normal Trade Unionists. Mr. J. Feeney, at the Annual Conference of the Clerical and Administrative Workers' Union at Bridlington, said, 'I say deliberately that this man Horner is inciting the miners to disaffection, by suggesting to them that they ought to have priorities in this, that and the other, knowing full well at the same time that it is impossible to produce these priorities. . . . I am certain that Horner wants to create as much trouble as he can.'



RUDOLF STEINER, 1861–1925, *a pioneer in the revolt from materialism*

### Fuel at Last

*The nation woke up on Easter Morning to find that part of Himley Hall, Dudley, had gone up in flames. Sir Ben Smith had found fuel at last!*

### What is Personalism?

THINKING people are more and more revolting from the merely materialist view of life. There would seem indeed little doubt that if men are to save themselves at this last moment they must turn to more spiritual values. At the moment the only recipe for happiness being offered in the Soviet

World is Marxist materialism; whilst the present-day American recipe is equally materialist. On the other hand, more advanced thinkers for the last forty years or so have been gradually turning away from this barrenness, beginning with pioneers like Rudolf Steiner, and continuing with such thinkers as the philosopher Nicholas Berdaev.

Naturally, these rejecters of materialism are accused of being mere reactionaries. Yet, although it is true that many reactionaries have always found spiritual and religious conceptions to be a useful cloak for their designs, this accusation is untrue.

Much of this new thought is becoming focused round the philosophy of Berdaev, which he and his followers call Personalism. And when I talked with Berdaev the other day in Paris, he was at pains to say very clearly that he did not wish his philosophy to be made use of by reactionary elements. Berdaev remains essentially progressive, though his thought is definitely Christian, and not dissimilar from that of Professor John Macmurray, who has written such a stimulating article in this number.

Berdaev, who lives in great simplicity in Paris, where he allows himself few delights save those of the samovar, and lives laborious days, is a frail old man at first sight. Yet his mental powers do not seem to be diminished, and he possesses great magnetism. The son of comparatively aristocratic parents, he looks very like any elderly Russian who might be seen walking about the streets of Moscow today. He is essentially a lover of the people, and undoubtedly a great lover of the Russian people. Hearing him talk, indeed, it is impossible not to like Russians more. Somewhat like Dostoievsky, he has a very warm belief in the 'mission' of the Russian people in the world; though he is in no sense a nationalist in the poisonous modern, and Machiavellian, sense.

I was at first put off by the word 'personalist'. I thought it smacked too much of 'individualist', of the Ernest Benn persuasion; or even of those American books enjoining lift boys, business men, matrons and 'usherettes' to 'develop their personality'. In any event, mere nomenclature is secondary. Further, the word 'personalist' does describe what Berdaev is trying to get at. For, according to him, man is not just a cog in the state machine. Nor, on the other hand, is he an isolated individual. He is a *person.*

One trouble with the form of Socialism which has been adopted by Clement Attlee is that it is thoroughly out of date. It belongs to the age of Stephenson and steam. When Marx wrote, man had just invented the automotive machine, and he was very excited about it. The Victorians, in fact, got more and more to think that man was just another machine; and that society was just another enormous factory, or railway station.

A difficulty with the Labour Party is that it has come to power too late. For so many of its ideas are a hundred years out of date; one of the inevitable difficulties of democracy being that there is a woeful time-lag before 'new ideas' can be accepted by the electorate. Even the form—state socialism—is not now favoured by advanced thinkers. What the workers want is more control over their own factories or works, best expressed no doubt by a better system of promotion to 'officer rank' by merit. How can it avail them if the ownership of the works is changed from John Smith & Co. to the State? Indeed, with state ownership the relationship

becomes much less personal, and much more remote; and the power of the new ubiquitous master is infinite, leaving the worker more helpless than before.

It is also noticeable that in the recent White Paper the Government still talks about 'the two sides' of industry. There should not be two sides. The example of 'officers and men' is much too crude and military; but it does express in simple words the true relationship. Although there should be Works Councils, the ordinary worker cannot easily in the nature of things concern himself very much with the higher management, as Cripps has rightly pointed out. What he should feel sure of, however, is that he has a chance to rise to the highest rank if he has the capabilities for the position.

Macmurray in his article completely rejects the *materialist* conception of society. Though he would be one of the first to say that material conditions for the people must be constantly improved. He also warns against the *organic* view. Many anti-materialists, of course, are accustomed to say that man is not a machine, but is in fact a kind of organism, like a plant if you like. This is true. Yet this point of view can leave out the unique thing which man alone possesses, and which some call the soul. Without a recognition of this thing, there can be no morality, and no right or wrong. Just as the Commissar is free to do what he likes, because the state machine demands it, so the Fascist leader is free to do what he likes, because organic nature dictates it.

Again it is this thing which not only makes mankind unique; but makes all men in an important sense equal, because all men have it. Men are not equal in their intellects, and in my opinion a sensible organisation of society would not put all men on to the same job. Neither do I personally think that all people possess souls of equal merit. The clumsy thought that they do has led to a great deal of error. Yet, very likely, the soul can improve itself; and the great thing is that we all have souls of some kind.

No statesman understanding that all men, including his enemies of the moment, possess this spark would be tempted to commit atrocities in the name of any theory.

There will be many people who will be incensed at the mere mention of the word 'soul'. Well, they need not use it. Yet, unless we recognise that man has got something which the machines and the statistics and the theories and, for that matter, brute nature have not got, we are doomed to fairly early destruction.

DRAGOLJUB JOVANOVIC: . . . *'We have achieved much . . . there is only one thing still needed— THE DIVORCE OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY FROM THE STATE. Only then can we follow the ways of true Democracy . . .'*

## Communists *versus* Peasants

THE victimisation of the peasants of Europe by the Communists, with their 'townee' policies, continues. Mikolaiczek, the leader of the Polish Peasant Party, made a sincere attempt to work with Russia and with the Communists, but the last elections were in no sense free or fair. In Hungary Bela Kovacz, the secretary of the Smallholders' Peasant Party, who won the last elections, was first falsely accused of attempting a restoration of the Right Wing Dictator, Horthy. He was then simply arrested by the Soviet Forces of occupation. Dr. George Dimitrov, the leader of the Bulgarian Peasants' Party, was forced to seek protection from the United States Embassy at Sofia, by whom he was assisted to leave his country. Of Maniu, the leader of the Rumanian Peasants, we hear less and less from behind the Iron Curtain.

News has, however, come of Dragoljub Jovanovic, one of the outstanding peasant leaders of Yugoslavia. A good orator, and an excellent writer, Doctor of Sociology, Economics and Law, he became Professor of Agrarian Economic Politics at the University of Belgrade. His political tenets were similar to those of the famous Bulgarian Peasant Leader, Stamboliski, and the Croat Peasant Party Leader, Stepan Radic. During the various dictatorial régimes of the Right in Yugoslavia before the war, Jovanovic led a very strong and active opposition. He was more than once arrested and thrown into prison.

Shortly before the war he and his immediate followers left the Serbian Peasants' Party, to form the Popular Peasants' Party, owing to his firm belief that collaboration with Russia and the Communist Party was necessary and possible.

The cause of his recent quarrel with Tito is the laws affecting the peasants. Jovanovic believed that the farm workers, who constitute three-quarters of Yugoslavia, were entitled to the same position as the industrial workers. He was, therefore, forcibly ejected from his own Party. He was likewise expelled from the 'People's' Assembly of Serbia and forbidden to teach at the university. Later, whilst he was visiting a peasant in the village of Mali Stapar in the Backa province (according to Reuters) he was dragged out of the house, and made to walk three miles through ice and snow, whilst being beaten up.

He has since recovered from this attack, but when he attempted to address Parliament he was shouted down.

Meanwhile Tito's agents are behind the recent separatist agitations in Sicily. This dictator is now, however, grovelling before the American and British governments, in order to get loans, and the shipment of foodstuffs, to his country, which is in a state of great disorganisation.

## A New Horror

As I go to press, I see that after all the talk, uplift and general blah, there is now a serious possibility of all D.P.s being sent back to their Soviet-controlled countries. UNRRA is carrying out an intensified campaign to induce these unfortunates to do so. The new International Refugee Organisation has not yet got started. So it looks as though there may be no organisation of any sort to look after these poor people. Actually they would mostly make fine workers here. In any case our behaviour in this matter is an absolute disgrace.

# CHINA

*China, with her population of 400 millions and her vast undeveloped economic potential, is a country whose future destiny is of international interest. In describing the background of Chinese politics and analysing the present situation, Sir Paul Butler, British representative on the Far East Regional Commission of UNRRA in 1944, brings to the task many years of practical experience in Far Eastern problems*

SIR PAUL BUTLER, K.C.M.G.

THERE have been far-reaching political developments in China recently. The first session of the National Assembly, to which the Communists declined to send representatives, has adjourned after the enactment of a relatively liberal constitution, and General Marshall, President Truman's personal representative in China, has returned to the United States with his mission of mediation between Kuomintang and Communists unfulfilled. Since then the State Department has announced the United States Government's decision to terminate its connection with the Executive Headquarters at Peking and the Committee of Three (formerly composed of General Marshall, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and the Communist General Chou En-lai), and to withdraw American troops from China. These circumstances seem to provide a suitable opportunity to place in historical perspective the still unhealed breach between the two parties.

It is interesting to recall that the critical and formative period of the Chinese Revolution between 1923 and 1927 coincided with the period of overt Russian influence in Chinese politics; and that the Kuomintang, no less than the Chinese Communist Party, owed much in this early stage to the inspiration of the Russian Revolution, and the organising ability of Russian political and military advisers. During the closing months of his life, when weakened by an incurable disease and harassed by intractable revolutionary problems, Dr. Sun Yat-sen installed at Canton as his political adviser Michael Borodin, a Russian Communist of conspicuous ability, who succeeded in forging from the faction-ridden confusion of the Kuomintang a tempered spearhead of revolution. With Borodin came numerous other Russians, and among them the officer known in China as Galens, who, as Marshal Blücher, was later to become famous as the creator and commander of the Red Banner Army which successfully shielded Eastern Siberia from Japanese aggression. As military adviser to Chiang Kai-shek when the latter was commandant of the Whampoa Military Academy, Galens shares with the German officers who succeeded him the credit for the training of the *élite* corps of the Chinese Army to which the National Government owes its existence, and the Generalissimo much of his personal ascendancy.

Though more spectacular at the time, the direct indebtedness of the Chinese Communists to Soviet Russia in these eventful years was destined to prove less enduring. Borodin planned to bring to birth a Chinese Socialist state which, even though the good earth of China might not yet provide a fertile soil for the orthodox Marxian seed, would be ideologically and economically attuned to Soviet policies, and assist in the expulsion of Western Capitalist Imperialism from Asia. With this

object, Borodin secured the admission of active Communists to the Kuomintang, from which they had hitherto been rigidly excluded except at the cost of renunciation of membership of the Communist Party. Once the gates had been crashed, the Communists, many of them Russian-trained, fanned out and in a matter of months gained control not only of the Kuomintang, but of the Nationalist Army. The results of this infiltration were soon apparent. Dr. Sun Yat-sen, himself no Communist but a visionary quite incapable of riding the Communist whirlwind which he had evoked, died at Peking early in 1925. Revolutionary leadership then passed to more dynamic personalities. The northward march of the Nationalist Army from Canton to the Yangtse in the following year owed its spectacular success largely to the skill with which Russian-trained propagandists exploited the miseries of a countryside devastated by years of civil war. As the organisers of victory, it was inevitable that the Communists, with Borodin at their back, should have dominated the short-lived Wuhan Government which was set up at Hankow in December 1926. Almost simultaneously with the appearance of the Reds upon the Yangtse, a tempest of xenophobia sprang up which, though its sharpest impact was borne by the British, bid fair for a time to sweep the foreigner from China.

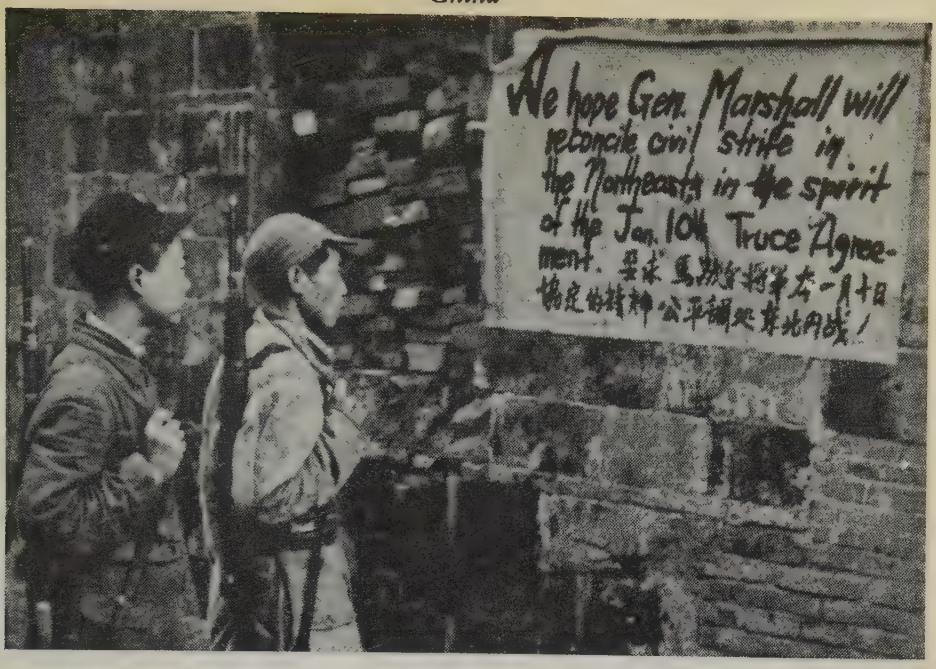
## The Rise of Chiang Kai-shek

The stemming at this critical juncture of the rising tide of Communist anarchy which threatened to engulf China was largely due to the resolution and single-mindedness of Chiang Kai-shek. As soon as he had succeeded Sun Yat-sen as leader of the Kuomintang, Chiang Kai-shek revealed the unwavering opposition to Communism which has ever since been characteristic of his policy. Borodin and his fellow Russians were invited with traditional Chinese courtesy to return to Moscow; the Communists were expelled from Government, Kuomintang and the Army; and there were bloody massacres of Communists, real or suspected, at Shanghai, Canton and Nanchang. Thereafter, the conservative and land-owning nucleus of the Kuomintang took control of the government and proceeded to complete the unification of China from the new national capital of Nanking.

The shattered Communist remnants retired to the wild fastnesses of Kiangsi and western Fukien and there, under the inspired leadership of such men as Mao Tse-tung and Chu Teh, maintained the Chinese Soviet Republic for six years in the face of persistent Nationalist attack. Thrown back upon its own meagre resources, its ranks swelled by thousands of enthusiastic recruits of all classes, Communism in China lost its foreign affiliation and became essentially a Chinese political crusade.

By 1934, with the help of the German military experts whom he had called in to replace the Russians, Chiang Kai-shek had made the Communists' position in Central China untenable, and compelled their leaders to resort to a mass migration which can have few parallels in history. The 'Long March' to Shensi covered more than 8,000 miles over some of the most difficult country in the world. How many Communists set out has never been established, but they must have numbered at least 100,000, and they carried with them, on pony or muleback, the industrial and scientific equipment which they had assembled with such difficulty in the Kiangsi valleys. Fifteen months later, the survivors of this stupendous ordeal (for a very large proportion died by the wayside) reached the small town of Yenan in north-western Shensi, where they established their new capital.

By this time Japan's puppet empire of Manchukuo had been in existence for four years, and it had become evident that her ambitions were not limited by the Great Wall. Already the first insidious steps had been taken to undermine the tenuous allegiance of the northern provinces of China proper to the National Government. The menace from Japan had stirred




*Troops of the Chinese Communist new Fourth Army read signs, written in English and Chinese, urging the tightening of Sino-American friendship and the settling of differences in North China*

Chinese public opinion profoundly, and there was widespread dissatisfaction with the Generalissimo's apparent insistence upon, according to an internecine, anti-Communist vendetta, precedence over resistance to foreign invasion. This dissatisfaction found its outward manifestation in the Sian Incident of 1936. The Generalissimo, while on an official visit to the anti-Communist headquarters at Sian, was made prisoner by his subordinate, the 'Young Marshal' Chang Hseuh-liang, and induced as the price of his release to call off the campaign against the Communists and substitute a united front against the Japanese.

For two years after this strange interlude, China came nearer to national unity than at any time since the revolution of 1911. The Communists refrained from subversive activities and propaganda; the National Government respected the local autonomy of the Communist administration in the so-called Border Regions; and when war finally broke out with Japan after the affray at Marco Polo Bridge near Peking in July 1937, the Red Army (officially reconstituted as the Eighth Route Army) fought under its own commanders as an integral part of the Nationalist forces.

## Civil War Impedes China's Effort

It was calamitous for the welfare of China and the security of the Far East that this concord should have proved short-lived. By 1941 the Communists were once more excoriated in the reactionary press of Free China as 'Communist bandits', and many thousands of the best-trained and equipped troops of the Nationalist armies were employed, not in fighting the Japanese enemy but in maintaining a blockade of the Communist-controlled areas in Shensi, Shansi and Kansu provinces. This state of disunity and frustration continued to impede the Chinese war effort until the surrender of Japan. Meanwhile, reactionary elements in the Kuomintang steadily increased their influence both in the government and the army.

*The general market at the Great Water Gate at the southern entrance to the city of Chi'ien Men, where one may buy anything from tripe to broadcloth*

The Nationalist contention that the maintenance of independent Communist Armies made united resistance to Japan impracticable was sound enough in principle; in practice, it would have been more convincing had not the official Chinese war effort fallen far below that of the ill-equipped Communist guerrillas in steadfast patriotism.

## China Unprepared for Victory

For several years the Communist areas in the north-west remained almost completely isolated both from the rest of China and the outside world. In May 1944, however, the Chungking Government, reluctantly yielding to sustained pressure, permitted a party of five foreign correspondents to visit Yenan. The accounts which these correspondents sent back did much to alter the thinking of intelligent Americans and British upon the Chinese situation. It became apparent that, with only the most meagre resources, the Yenan Government had done much to improve economic conditions in these remote provinces, and to awaken a sense of political and social responsibility among their sparse agrarian population. With a political creed based upon a synthesis of the 'Three Principles of the People' of Dr. Sun Yat-sen and Marxian philosophy, the Yenan leaders proclaimed the 'New Democracy' as a technique for the introduction of Communism in China by peaceful gradation through democratic and socialist stages. To those accustomed to the inertia of Chungking, the Communist war effort was a revelation. Though practically without heavy equipment, they were seasoned guerrilla fighters. Infiltrating behind the Japanese lines as the latter advanced deeper into the heart of the country, they had created a chain of war bases all over northern and central China. Within these bases the population was organised for resistance, with the result that the Japanese had difficulty even in maintaining essential railway communications. There is no evidence, nor indeed was it even suggested by their bitterest opponents in Chungking, that

*The Bund at Shanghai, showing the Cathay Hotel*

Moscow maintained any diplomatic, military or propagandist contacts with Yenan during the war. In fact, the Russian wartime attitude towards China can only be described as scrupulously correct.

Like her Allies, China was caught unprepared for victory by the sudden downfall of Japan. Still doggedly pursuing the policy of 'trading space for time', the Nationalist armies were isolated in the far west, without means of speedy transportation to the strategic centres of the liberated east and north other than reliance upon the American Air Force. The war bases of the Communist guerrillas, on the other hand, were everywhere in close proximity to the surrendering Japanese. Unless the National Government bestirred themselves, they were likely to find Communist armies, rearmed with captured Japanese equipment, in solid occupation of the north and in contact with the Russians in Manchuria. With the assistance of the American Air Force, the Yangtse valley and the principal centres in North China were reoccupied by the Nationalists without major incidents. The position in Manchuria, however, was more complicated. After delays not unnatural in the circumstances, the Russians had completed the evacuation of Manchuria by May 1946; but although the Chinese Government had awaited the end of the Russian occupation with impatience, their forces were not on hand when the latter withdrew, partly because the Communists controlled the railways and partly because the Russians (notwithstanding the terms of the Russo-Chinese Treaty of August 1945) denied them the use of the great Manchurian port of Dairen. The outcome was that the Communists moved into the strategic centres of Manchuria in the wake of the retiring Russians; and it has been alleged that the latter connived at their acquisition of military equipment surrendered by the Japanese. The Communists maintained, however, that such Japanese equipment as they possessed was acquired in the hinterland away from the railways, where the Russians never exercised control.

Somewhat later, the United States Air

Force flew in several seasoned Nationalist Armies, and after fighting of some severity, the railways and principal towns of South Manchuria passed into Nationalist control. Most of North Manchuria (and probably the South Manchurian hinterland away from the railways) appeared to be either still in Communist hands or a prey to the banditry which is endemic in these regions.

## Attitude of America

Simultaneously with these military developments, there was intense political activity at Chungking and later at Nanking. Early in 1946 Nationalists and Communists agreed to call a truce while they attempted, through the mediation of General Marshall, to restore national unity. The outlook for a new deal seemed bright when a Political Consultation Conference of all parties found it possible to draw up plans for political and military unification, and to agree upon a draft constitution and the composition of the National Assembly. The moment was propitious since the calling of the National Assembly would imply the end of the period of 'political tutelage', in other words, the single-party dictatorship of the Kuomintang, and would logically open the way for Communist participation in the Government.

Unfortunately, with the attempt of the National Government to wrest control of Manchuria from the Communists, these prospects rapidly clouded, and by the autumn, when the Government carried out a successful offensive against the Communist positions in North China, the situation was even worse than before. When, therefore, the National Assembly finally met at Nanking on 15 November, the Communists declined to send representatives and the Democratic League, one of the minority parties, followed their example. In spite of these abstentions, the Assembly proceeded to debate and approve the draft constitution prepared by the Political Consultation Conference last winter. Thanks to the personal efforts of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, who intervened more than once to prevent the Right Wing of the Kuomintang from forcing through reactionary amendments, this constitution seems sufficiently liberal to satisfy legitimate Communist aspirations. It will become operative on Christmas Day 1947. Opinions differ as to the justification for the recalcitrant attitude of the Communists. They have certainly shown little disposition to compromise, but the real cause of Chinese disunity is undoubtedly the mutual and well-nigh ineradicable distrust between the two parties, bred of many years of bad faith on both sides. The Communists, however, have gained ever-widening support among the large sections of Chinese society who are disillusioned with the reactionary methods of the Kuomintang; and it is most improbable that they could now be cowed into submission by force of arms.

It remains to examine the international aspect of China's present crisis. It has been vehemently contended by many Chinese (and by no means only Communists) that the United States provoked this crisis by what is alleged to have been unwarrantable interference in China's internal affairs. In this atmosphere the wartime popularity of the Americans evaporated and there was a growing demand for the withdrawal of American armed forces from China. This disposition to blame the United States for Chinese disunity seems unreasonable. The feud between Kuomintang and Communists, far from being an affair of yesterday, goes back for twenty years; and General Marshall's forthright statement on his departure from China demonstrates that it is the distrust underlying this feud which has defeated his mission. The demand for the withdrawal of American forces has now been met by the United States Government's decision to abandon its efforts at mediation between the two parties and to withdraw American troops from China. The only American forces who are not affected by this decision are an advisory military mission of 750 officers and men at Nanking, and a detachment of a thousand marines at the naval training base of Tsingtao, whereas in December

President Truman spoke of the presence of nearly 12,000 American troops in China, and stated that there had been as many as 113,000 during the peak period of 1945.

The principal forms which American aid to the Nationalist Government have taken since VJ-Day are the continuation of Lend-Lease facilities (including the supply of military equipment) to the value of 600 million dollars, the sale of surplus stores of non-combatant war equipment representing an original outlay of 800 million dollars, and the transportation of fourteen armies by air and sea to points in liberated China, Formosa and Manchuria.

It is no doubt true that, without this assistance, the Nationalist Government would have been in no position to coerce the Communists; but it is no less a fact that without it they would have been unable to disarm and repatriate the three million odd Japanese troops and civilians in China. The assistance was given to the recognised Government of an ally, and was a manifestation of the declared intention of the United States to build up China into a powerful state as rapidly as possible. It was not for nothing that the United States sponsored the inclusion of China in the Big Four. Nevertheless, as an indication that only a united China may expect all-out American support, the opening of the 500 million dollar credits provisionally arranged by the Chinese Government with the United States Export and Import Bank has been deferred.

## Communism in Manchuria

It has already been said that the Chinese policy of the Soviet Government was generally correct throughout the war. The liberation of Manchuria, however, reintroduced an old and mischievous element. Manchuria, with its railways linking the Trans-Siberian Railway with ice-free Manchurian and Korean ports opening on the Pacific, is of cardinal importance to the future prosperity of Eastern Siberia. Conversely, under the control of an anti-Communist or aggressive power, it can be rendered a standing menace to Siberian security, as indeed it was during the quarter century of Japanese domination. For these reasons, although the Soviet Government has more than once acknowledged the sovereign rights of China in these extra-mural provinces, they remain a region wherein the former claims 'special interest'. These interests Russia has already taken steps to define and protect in her treaty of August 1945 with China.

It is fairly safe to assume, therefore, that Russia will insist upon the creation of a 'friendly' régime (in fact, a régime in which the Communists are at least very substantially represented) in Manchuria. A precedent exists in the case of the Russian satellite state of Outer Mongolia, the independence of which has recently been recognised by China. Many moderate Chinese believe that, unless the Nationalist Government is reconstructed upon a liberal all-party basis, the Communists in Manchuria may shortly be offered positive Russian support. In this contingency may lie the explanation of the Russian reluctance, after eighteen months, to implement the 1945 treaty with China by permitting Nationalist participation in the management of the port of Dairen. It may also explain the return to Manchuria, after fifteen years of virtual exile in Moscow, of Li Li-san, who in the early days of the Chinese Communist Party was Mao Tse-tung's rival for leadership. The fact that Li has been reinstated as a member of the Central Executive Committee of the Party suggests closer future relations between Moscow and Yenan.

It is no exaggeration to say that the appearance of an autonomous Communist state in the relatively highly industrialised and productive Manchurian provinces would transform the Far Eastern situation. In addition to immensely strengthening the Communist position in China proper, it would be totally inconsistent with the building up of a strong, democratic and united China which is the keystone of Far Eastern security as conceived in American foreign policy.

# THE FORM OF THE PERSONAL

*At a time when Personalism is attracting increasing attention in many countries, one of Britain's leading philosophers defines the essential implications of the philosophy of the personal. Professor Macmurray, who holds the Chair of Philosophy at Edinburgh University, shows with clarity and conviction that such an outlook must replace the old organic philosophy which divides mankind, and has led inevitably to narrow nationalism, a purely functional regard for others and the sacrifice of the personal life to organisations*

PROFESSOR JOHN MACMURRAY

About two hundred years ago Western Europe began to be obsessed by the idea of the organic. The convulsions of our own generation are the final effects of that obsession. What I have to say in this article is that we shall not escape from the difficulties which beset us until we overcome this obsession. We have to dethrone the idea of the organic, and the forms of thought and feeling which it inspires. We have to substitute for it the idea and the form of the personal.

The first manifestation of this obsession with the organic is usually called the Romantic Movement. It began in France, with the writings of Jean Jacques Rousseau, which made their contribution to the storm of the French Revolution, and has continued ever since to bewitch the minds of would-be democrats. But the French spirit affords poor soil for the cultivation of the Romantic character. It is too mathematically lucid, and loves to think its thoughts in full daylight. The Romantic attitude yearns towards half-tones and twilights. In Great Britain, too, the Romantic Movement was largely held in check by practical common sense, which limited it to the world of make-believe. Amongst us, the obsession of the organic produced a magnificent outpouring of literature in prose and verse, and was confined within the limits of art which are its proper limits —by the equally magnificent resistance of the Philistines. It was in Germany that the Romantic Movement found nothing obstinate enough to resist its enchantments; so that it could spread through every phase of culture and every aspect of life, until it had created a human society in its own likeness. Modern Germany became the carrier of the organic idea and the incarnation of the form of the organic. In Hitler and his Third Reich the Romantic Movement reached its apotheosis and committed suicide.

Interest in the forms and processes of organic life; feeling for the order of life in nature; enjoyment of the spontaneity of life in oneself—these are the roots of Romanticism. In none of them is there anything unhealthy or illegitimate, so long as they take their due place within the integrity of the personal. The organic becomes an obsession only when it becomes a centre round which everything else is organised, and the supreme value to which all other values are referred. The legitimate offspring of this interest are to be found in all the forms of Romantic art, and in the creation and development of the biological sciences. But very easily—and particularly

in Germany—the legitimate interest became an intoxication; the enjoyment of vitality became the worship of vitality; the feeling for nature blossomed into a religion of nature. When Rousseau holds up the primitive savage as an example for civilisation to emulate, when Goethe bids us kneel in humble reverence before nature, when Nietzsche writes panegyrics on the pitiless, proud vitality of the blond beast, the proper sense of the organic has outrun its limits and becomes an obsession which presages disaster.

## Sexuality and Personal Love

Now that the disaster has come upon us, it is our business to repudiate, with all our vehemence, every intrusion into the proper field of human activity of the merely natural, the merely vital and organic. Especially must we reject all attempts to derive human standards from the structure, the characteristics, and the impulses of organic nature. I shall give two examples to explain what I mean, the first from the moral field, the second from the social. Both of them, as well as being examples, are of outstanding importance under present conditions.

The highest, because the most creative, expression of organic vitality is sexual activity. The organic obsession will inevitably exalt and glorify sexuality as the supreme experience of the individual. That this was one of the most marked effects of the Romantic Movement is too well known to require further evidence. The romantic novel is at once the expression of this tendency, and the record of its phases. In the nature of things the process cannot be open and above board. It must involve the self-deception that lies at the root of all idealism. In its first phase sexuality is idealised. It appears decked out in all the finery of personal affection. The theme is love, which, indeed, is the highest expression of the personal. But always this human love is between a man and woman, and the climax of its history is their marriage. In this way, love is associated, and more and more exclusively associated, with sexual desire and its satisfaction. This idealistic phase gives place later to a realism which sets out to describe the actual nature of sexual relationship in terms which must inevitably emphasise its purely animal character. But since romantic idealism had already associated sex and love, the result of the realist criticism is to reduce love itself to the organic level. The final result of this process is one in which only the naked biological impulses are recognised, and love is merely a fancy name to disguise their crudity. So the 'Love is all' of the romantics becomes the 'All is sex' of the Freudian psychology.

In this reduction of personal love to the performance of sexual function we have an epitome of the constant effect of the organic obsession. The organic is the functional. All biological values are functional values. The constituent parts of an organism find their significance and their value in the function they perform. The health of the organism is the harmony of the functions of its members. The life of the organism is the unity of the functions which go on within it. For this reason any organic philosophy, any religion of nature involves a functional interpretation of human life. It will find the reality and significance of whatever is personal in the performance of a function, and in so doing will reduce the human to the organic. In this way the limited truth that we are animals discards its limits, and appears as the pernicious and nonsensical assertion that we are *merely* animals. This 'merely' is the decisive symptom of the organic obsession. It is a concealed denial of our humanity. The assertion that man is merely the highest of the animals is in fact the denial that we are really human. Whoever asserts it and means it is taking sides with the young Nazi who declared: 'Whenever I hear the word humanity, I take the safety catch off my revolver.' In the brutal frankness of this final form the meaning is unmistakable; yet the earlier forms which trick themselves out in the pretty phrases of idealism are the more dangerous, because the more deceptive.

Just as the organic obsession reduces human love to the performance of sexual function, so it reduces the life in a human community to the performance of social function. It is true that every community has an organic aspect. It is an organised system of co-operation in which each member has a function to perform. In contemporary society the unit of this economic organisation is the nation-state, and the symbol of the independence of the nation as an economic group is the fact that it issues its own distinctive currency. Since, then, each of us is a member of a nation-state, each of us has his social function to perform within the national economy; and upon the due performance of our respective functions and their harmonious co-ordination depends the welfare and progress of the whole nation. Taken within its proper limits this is a wholesome truth. But it becomes a desperate falsehood when the organic obsession makes of it the essence of human community. For then, the significance, the meaning, the reality of human community are made to reside in the system of economic co-operation, and so in the state as the controlling centre of economic organisation. Then the human community is reduced to its economic aspect and becomes a production system, and the totalitarian state emerges. Then the good man shrinks to the measure of the good citizen. His worth is assessed in terms of his social function, by the extent and the importance of his service to society. This tendency has been present in all the democratic theories that have their source in Rousseau. Their final outcome has only been fully and crudely exhibited in Hitler's Germany. When the organic philosophy captures the emotions and becomes a working creed, it reveals itself in a religion of nationalism, in which the individual exists to serve the will of the state, and the will of the state he serves is the blind impulse of the beast of prey.

It is not going to be easy to repair the ravages of two centuries of false belief. The process by which a significant idea works itself out in history and shapes the destiny of a civilisation is long and slow. But at least we know where we must start. We have to begin by reasserting our essential humanity against the organic philosophy. We are persons, not organisms. Our human life is not an organic life. It is personal. Even to assert this is already something, however little we may understand its meaning. At least we have set up a signpost that points the way and keeps us looking in the right direction.

What does it mean, then, to assert that we are persons? What is the significant difference between a personal philosophy and an organic one? I shall try to answer this question by employing the same examples which we have used to illustrate the effect of the organic idea. We shall be able to see what it means for individual life if we ask: What is the difference between sexuality and personal affection? We can see what it means for society if we ask: What is the essential character of a human community?

## Definition of Personality

The organic view of life began by disguising sex as love and ended by identifying them. To reassert the personal character of life we must repudiate this identification. In principle, love and sex have nothing in common. They can, of course, be combined, since they are not incompatible; but they need not be. The sexual relation can go with love, but it can also go with indifference, with contempt, or even with anger. In many cases love is completely indifferent to sex. It forms the bond of all normal friendships. Where it is combined with a sexual relation the two are often in conflict, and the love is always to some extent hampered and endangered. For in all cases there is between love and sex a fundamental difference of form.

The difference is this. Sex, like all organic functions, is egocentric. Love, on the other hand, because it is personal, is self transcending or heterocentric. Sex, as an organic function, serves a natural purpose, the perpetuation of the species.

But this purpose may be far from the mind of the individuals involved. In them sex appears as a recurrent and imperious desire which requires the co-operation of a member of the opposite sex for its satisfaction; and its satisfaction is accompanied by a sensation of intense pleasure. The experience is self-centred precisely because it consists in the satisfaction of an impulse; the partner comes into it only as a necessary means.

Love, however, has an essentially different form. It is not an impulse demanding satisfaction. It is always an interest in another person. In love, that is to say, the centre of interest is always outside oneself, and the significance of the experience lies precisely in this passing beyond the limits of one's own individuality. To love is to care for another person, and in the full sense of the word. It is to think, to feel, and to act not for oneself but for the other. This is the primary difference between the organic and the personal. The organism lives for itself, but a person lives for the other.

A few comments upon this summary statement may help to make its meaning clearer. Notice, then, that it does not assert that a person *ought* to live for the other—though this also is true—but that he *does*. Personality can only be defined by this capacity to live outside oneself in and for the other. That we do not always do so is true, but in that case we are failing to be ourselves. We are persons in so far as we do live, not in ourselves, but in the world around us; in so far as the centre of our interests and of our intention lies beyond ourselves so that we forget ourselves in it. This principle holds for personal life in all its aspects. To be a zoologist I have to be interested in animals; to be an engineer I must be interested in machinery; self-interest can lead to nothing but make-believe and self-deception. But because we are persons, we cannot wholly transcend ourselves unless the centre of our interest and action in the world is itself personal. Only by caring wholeheartedly for other people can we be fully personal.

Here we discover another essential character of the personal. The personal always involves mutuality. To be a person is to be one term in a relation between persons. There can be no persons at all until there are at least two persons in mutual relation. To be human, in other words, is to be a friend; and we are dependent upon friendship for our humanity. Life must be shared to be personal. A human life is a life lived in common.

## Sacrifice of Personal Life

This mutuality of the personal reaches deeper than one might suppose. It affects, for example, our thoughts. We cannot think without trying to have true ideas. But what is a true idea? It is an idea which can be accepted and shared by other people. It is an idea that every one else ought to think in common with ourselves. However private our thoughts may be, they cannot lose this reference to the common world without plunging us into a world of pure phantasy. On a cold night I may dream that I am making a dash over the ice to reach the North Pole. Such dream experience has the typical organic form. It is purely private. The ideas which pass through my mind in the dream are my reactions to the stimulus of the cold. The dream itself is an adaptation to the environment. But it is not in any sense a knowledge of anything outside me. If I wake up, I recognise the truth: that it is bitterly cold and the blankets have fallen off the bed. I can no longer *think* that I am on a polar expedition. If I could, I should be mad, and the proof of my madness would be that my idea could not be shared, that it had no reference to the common world of personal experience.

Already the answer to our first question is suggesting an answer to the second. Love, it would seem, is in sober fact the bond of a personal community. Friendship is at once the significance of the personal life for the individual, and the pattern of a truly human society. A human community is one whose members are bound together, as friends are, by the need to share a common life.

The organic obsession has brought us to a point at which we identify the common life of men with the political and economic organisation of society. It has reduced human community to its organic aspect. To reassert our full humanity in the social field, we must set out to organise society, neither for economic efficiency nor for political power, but for the sake of friendship. At present in all countries the personal life is being sacrificed to the demands of organisation, and institutions are being treated as of more importance than people. This is not merely immoral; it is fatuous. There is precisely no point at all in a continual increase of efficiency and a continual development of power. Efficiency is a good thing only when it contributes to the breadth and the quality of human fellowship. When it impoverishes the personal life of mankind, it is an evil thing and a silly thing into the bargain. Power has no value at all in itself. It is merely the capacity to do things. Whether it is worth having or not depends upon whether it is used and what it is used for. It is of no human value for a nation to be a great power; it is rather a drawback. The effort that has to be made to sustain such a rôle is for the most part a sheer waste of human substance.

A philosophy which issues in such judgments and which formulates such a social policy is clearly fitted to the needs of the present age. But there is an even more direct vindication of its appropriateness with which this rapid survey may well draw to a close. An organic theory of human life necessarily tends to stress the natural differences that divide mankind into separate groups. For an organic unity is a unity of differences, and organic processes are processes of differentiation. An organic group, like a biological species, rests upon its derivation from a common ancestor, and its members are related by blood. It is well known that the consciousness of common birth always breeds a proud exclusiveness. This, too, we have seen illustrated with unmistakable clearness in the racial theory of the Nazi mythology, and in the practical consequences which flowed from it.

But when we reject the organic idea, and insist that men are persons and that human life is personal, every ground for exclusiveness disappears. For personality is precisely that which all men have in common, and the basis of a personal community is the common humanity of all its members. If then we accept a philosophy of the personal it overrides all differences of race or nationality and commits us to the fellowship of all mankind. As the feeling for the personal masters our emotions and becomes the motive for our actions, it must lead directly towards a fellowship of all the peoples in a single world-community.

### *The Faults of the West*

I am very far from denying the immense part which the ages of humanism in the West have played in developing the idea of the person. But individualism is not a sign of the growth of personality. On the contrary, it tends to depersonalisation, to the loss of original individuality. The civilisation of the West, during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, is characterised by the extreme socialisation of man (both in his thoughts and his habits he is determined more and more by external social pressures), and at the same time by his isolation as an individual, by the loss of the communal spirit—for socialisation and communisation are very different things.

NICOLAS BERDYAEV in *Transformation*

# 2. The Political Scene

*What is the status of politicians? What is the attitude of Britain? What is the position of the Trade Unions? What are the basic social and political problems facing America? To these and other questions the author, who in his previous article surveyed the domestic scene, gives an answer based on first-hand information gained during a recent coast-to-coast tour of the United States*

ADRIAN LIDDELL HART

America is essentially a capitalist country in a sense that Britain has not been for a long time.

Ever since Dr. Arnold, and inheriting an older tradition of public service, the middle class here has looked on public employment as the higher form of career, and private business, whatever it might say about free enterprise, as the lower form.

In the United States, on the other hand, I was struck by the widespread positive faith in the capitalist system, which is demonstrated by the fact that private business is generally regarded as a highly honourable career for the intelligent and the knowledgeable, whereas Government service is a low form of life, lowest in its manifestations in Washington, and politics, save to some extent in New England, is at best a refuge for unsuccessful business men and lawyers, at worst for scoundrels.

Even a reactionary newspaper can violently attack the American military administration of an occupied country and castigate its high command in the name of democracy and free enterprise—there is no American equation of capitalism with an officer class, and there are indications that the next decade may see a struggle for power between the old business interests and the Service chiefs.

As a whole, Americans seem to have an incapacity to see political facts or theories in anything except black and white. They are amazingly credulous: middle classes tend to believe what they read in the papers.

There is a tendency here to underrate the extent of the disgust amongst unpolitical Americans, not only with the reactionary Southern Democrats, but with the Democratic corruption in the big cities—the Kelly, Curley, Prendergast, Tammany machines, Boss Crump in Memphis, the legendary Mayor Hague in Jersey City. On the other hand, one of the troubles with the Republican party is its oppressive respectability. The Republican leaders, Dewey and Vandenberg—and I gather the same is true of Taft and Stassen—give such an impression of smugness and lack of humour.

By a nice calculation of blocs, religious, racial, industrial, geographical, the Democrats should have won the last election; perhaps the fact that they didn't is a sign of growing integration in America—Americans tend to belong to so many conflicting blocs that these allegiances cancel one another out and upset political calculations, especially when there has been a meat shortage.

*Police picket at movie studio strike*

In international politics, the old-fashioned isolationism seems dead, outside the walls of the Chicago Tribune building. Generally I came across a rather pathetic hope in the United Nations, and pleasure that it was working in the United States.

At the same time, war talk is rife. It becomes hysterical but then overworks itself, like so many other enthusiasms.

I never encountered any sober person who admitted to being personally anti-British, outside the Jewish community, and the American Navy, a section of which has a not wholly groundless antipathy toward the British Navy in particular, and the British in general. Indeed, many of the G.I.s who had served in England for any length of time expressed to me their appreciation of the way of life or their treatment here. But I also heard that many others had disliked the country, preferred Germany, and I found some surprise and resentment at the way in which many English girls seemed to prefer American negro soldiers to white Americans.

To the degree of resenting Anglo-Saxon predominance and any special relation with the 'mother country', most Americans of non-British stock tend to have an anti-British bias, though I personally found that the friendliest and the best assimilated people in America often turned out to be of German stock.

The Irish community observe, I think, their traditional hostility more in the letter than in the spirit, particularly after Ireland's part in the war and now that the Irish-dominated Catholic Church is obsessed with the Communist menace.

Much more perturbing is the anti-British feeling amongst the Jews. Wherever I went in America, I came across this hostility, but above all in New York. An hysterical and sometimes dishonest campaign was carried on by powerful sections of the Jewish community to prevent the passing of the British Loan (though several distinguished Jewish leaders, like Rabbi Wise, discountenanced this campaign). It is a lesson in propaganda to see two sides

of the Palestine question presented in New York and London news films respectively.

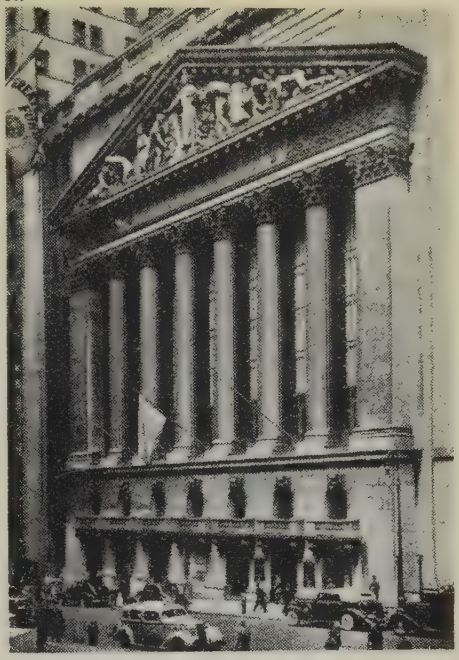
Another underlying source of growing hostility toward Britain may originate in an inferiority complex, but more patently is the American admiration for toughness and success. The more they have reason to think we are weak, the more they are told that we are decadent, the more many of them will despise and dislike us. That is one reason why the Loan, or rather the way we behaved about it, was psychologically bad for our relations with America.

Most of the photographs and news films of England give an impression that we spend our time in bedraggled crowds half-heartedly cheering royalty or glumly engaging in some tame ceremony, which may explain why various Americans I met were under the misapprehension that Britain (and the Commonwealth) was still ruled despotically by the King with the aid of the House of Lords. Many, too, think that England is still run, directly or indirectly, by Winston Churchill, who retains great prestige and, outside New York, considerable popularity. The squatters got some publicity, and Americans were rather impressed that the British were actually taking strong action, instead of standing in queues, grumbling or watching ceremonies.

## Attitude to Britain

Most Americans seem rather puzzled, very ignorant and not particularly curious about the Labour Government and its activities, in spite of Randolph Churchill's efforts to enlighten them. This incuriosity is a very American characteristic; when I worked in an American factory no one there asked any questions—in either sense of the term.

Of all sections of the American population, I found the so-called Liberals generally the most prejudiced, with a special capacity for seeing every issue solely in black or white. Slogans like 'British Imperialism' still have for these people an emotional significance that makes even the most reactionary business



*The Stock Exchange in Wall Street*

man on the subject of Socialism in Britain seem quite reasonable. Whereas this very vocal group at one time blamed everything on the British governing class, it now identifies the Government with the British people and, in disillusionment, blames the British people and character. It is especially susceptible to the perennial obsession that crafty Britain always leads poor, simple, high-minded America around by the nose.

Discounting that group which is more British than the British, there are so many who are well disposed and so much that increasingly favours our close relations that it is hard to particularise. The danger on our side lies not in our bickering and criticism, but in too ostentatiously pointing out these affinities and in too nicely calculating the relative strength of pro-British and anti-British feeling (some of the Anglo-Saxon Southerners voted against the Loan). It would be unfortunate if we favoured one political party in America against another or if a pro-British group, or even rival British groups, started agitating there, like the Poles and Italians.

As to America's main preoccupation, the labour situation, it is interesting to note not only how strikes in vital industries can threaten the nation's economic life, but how a few key personnel may cause effective dislocation at short notice—airline pilots, Hollywood technicians, lift operators, Merchant Marine skippers.

The press may rage against power—and labour bosses and foreign agitators (the British Empire has had quite a good line in exports of labour leaders)—but the average American, even the wealthy American, seems to take these troubles surprisingly calmly, as in the nature of things. I heard very little wild talk of machine guns, or starving the workers into subjection. The rich grumble against the slowness and timorousness of the Government, but appear to be too fond of free enterprise to greet the armed intervention of the State with much enthusiasm. The days of strike-breaking violence and savage reprisals seem to be over, temporarily at least. The only strike with which I had any personal contact, that of the Sailors' Union of the Pacific (A.F.L.), was a cheerful affair. (Maritime strikes, however, are not typical as they are comparatively easy to call—seamen merely sign on for a voyage and casual employment ashore is easily obtainable.)

## Outlook of American Labour

The general opinion about the Union leaders by the rank and file, at any rate in San Francisco, which is the most unionised town in America, seemed to be that they were arbitrary and self-seeking, more especially in the A.F.L., but helping the ordinary worker in the process, and anyhow high-handed Union leaders were preferable to high-handed employers. Workers were rather hazy about the particular wage question at issue.

Many of the strikes are jurisdictional, the outcome of the furious rivalry between the C.I.O. and the A.F.L., but the basic reasons for present labour unrest are not economic but psychological—a sense of insecurity, monotony of assembly line work, the American worker's characteristic fear of being taken for a 'sucker' and his instinct to show that he is not going to be pushed around by anyone. I suspect that an important motivation is the desire for a holiday, arising from the extraordinary intensity with which Americans work, and sheer exhaustion after their tremendous war effort. The achievement of a forty-hour week, which should be a guarantee of sufficient leisure in a 'creditor' country, is generally looked on as a device for securing overtime rates.

The heartening side of the American labour scene is the adaptability, the confidence, the residue of the pioneer spirit which over-specialisation has left unaffected at the lower levels: the American boy will still take a chance; there is still a drift to the West, and if people can't find congenial employment, or want to get on, they will move to another town, possibly thousands of miles away. I came across many who had held a wide variety of jobs in very different places.

The increasing specialisation and Union organisation, the availability of casual employment, the monotony and intensity of work, all make for an increasingly large shifting, and perhaps shiftless, population who don't fit in anywhere. America, headed by the West coast, is perhaps moving toward the day when a few highly organised, highly specialised workers operate all the industries, and the rest of the population are employed in shining each other's shoes, though Americans have a flair for inventing new jobs, finding new ways of making money, which gives a certain optimism to their economy. The amateur in America is at the bottom, not at the top.

Both as to the present and the future, I found an extraordinary fatalism, an acceptance of the fact that there was bound to be another slump, and an anxiety to make the best of conditions for the moment, for many had vivid recollections of the Great Depression. Farmers, particularly, felt the importance of making hay while the sun shone. I remember the cheerful way in

which I was sold petrol at cost price by a filling station owner who was indulging in the popular pastime of a price-war, hoping that the neighbouring filling stations would be ruined first. (To run a filling station, incidentally, seems the ambition of most of the ex-G.I.s who are not at school or back in the Services.)

## Problems Facing America

Money (after women) provides the chief topic of conversation. It is the measure of the individual and the community—how much is he worth means how much does he make. Money in relation to prices, and especially the relative prices of what one considers more or less desirable, the replacement of money values by official privileges and concessions as in other countries, the value of money in relation to the amount possessed by other people—these are considerations which are still largely alien to the American mentality, to which a dollar is simply a dollar and a man who has a thousand dollars is simply a thousand times richer than the man who has one dollar.

The traditional rôle of the State in America was illustrated to me when I was involved in a serious crash with another car in Louisiana. The police warned us of the uncertainty and inconvenience (chiefly to me as I should have been 'held' indefinitely awaiting the hearing) of insisting on legal proceedings, and then very courteously but rapidly negotiated a private settlement between the two parties.

The power and influence of the State is on the increase in America, but is still far less than in Europe. The American has not yet replaced that fabulous Mother in the little grey home by the paternal State. However, it is only a half-truth that America is a century behind politically—or that this country may provide a middle way between Soviet Russia and capitalist America (a popular notion which is likely to divide us as an analogous misconception divided the Liberal Party here in relation to the two major parties).

America is faced with profound social issues to which the question of more or less Government interference in the economic field is either irrelevant or subordinate. There are the problems of reconciling mass education with the necessity for informed criticism, for a responsible *élite*; of preventing the increasing reliance on technical mastery from concentrating power in the 'managers'; of how to curb the trend towards over-specialisation and over-training, with their consequences of mediocrity and rigidity; of how to achieve a socially integrated civilisation without sacrificing cultural diversity. Above all, there is the problem of finding values that will determine the social status of the individual without denying that leisure which is now not only possible but essential.

There is, I believe, a chance that America may recognise the distinctive issues of our time which confront her—besides facing up to such legacies of the past as her negroes and her nineteenth-century conception of government—and, because she is young and rich and confidently powerful, may not lose sight of social ends through concentrating on political expedients.

### *Comradeship*

NEW YORK is a rude city, but it isn't the only one. . . . I've occasionally heard someone say 'Sorry' in New York, but not in Moscow. You do hear a lot of stuff such as 'Citizens, stop shoving', and 'Citizen, you're standing on my feet.'

DREW MIDDLETON in *The New York Times*

26★

# Should we trust these Intelligence Tests?

*Intelligence Tests are being used increasingly in schools, in industry and in the armed forces as a means of discovering aptitude and ability. Is intelligence determined by heredity? To what extent can such tests replace examinations? In answering these and similar questions the author shows the value, and the limitations, of such tests*

HUNTER DIACK

'A GUARD in an express train walks from the back van to the front in the direction in which the train is going. Then he turns and walks back, this time walking against the motion of the train. On which journey does the guard walk the farther?'

That was once a question in an intelligence test. The father of one of the children who 'sat' that test was indignant about the difficulty of the question! He wrote to the press about it, saying that he had put that question to a man who had been a railway guard for twenty years, and even *he* could not answer it!

That father was not only rather unintelligent, but also very ignorant about the purpose of 'intelligence tests'. Very often, too, we read statements in the daily press which show that there are a number of misconceptions about the facts which intelligence tests reveal. A year or two ago, hundreds of thousands of British people felt superior when newspaper headlines appeared stating that the average mental age of the American Army was *thirteen*. They needn't have felt superior. Their feeling of superiority was due to the fact that they did not know what 'mental age' was.

Since old-style examinations are gradually becoming less important in the schools, it is worth while knowing something about the intelligence tests which are supplanting them.

The main difference between an intelligence test and the old type of examination is that you can't prepare for an intelligence test. If the railway guard, mentioned in the first paragraph, had not enough of that mental attribute called intelligence, no amount of walking to and fro in the train could enable him to answer the question. For intelligence tests are devised to cut out the effect of special training or, as far as is possible, experience. The dull pupil can possibly mug up enough dates in history to score a decent mark, but he can't mug up the answers to the questions in a good intelligence test. They have to be worked out on the spot; and from the way he works them out, a good idea is obtained of the inborn intelligence of the person who has been the subject of the test.

Intelligence tests were devised not only to separate the bright children from the dull, but also to discover the nature of that function of the brain which is called intelligence. And many interesting things were discovered. Here are some of them.

The degree of intelligence possessed by any individual is determined by heredity. We are born bright or dull; and no matter what we do about it, we remain bright or dull for the rest of our lives. The dull man who has the chance of a good education will be more *knowledgeable* about a number of things than the bright man who has

had no such chance. Yet in any situation which does not depend on some special training, the man who was born bright will always win. In her distribution of intelligence, Nature observes no principle of democracy or of justice. But it is not entirely a matter of chance. Intelligent parents are more likely than dull ones to have intelligent children, and the opposite is also true.

## What is Your Mental Age?

Another discovery was that the growth of intelligence is completed rather early in life. Intelligence—which is something different from wisdom and maturity—is normally mature about the age of fifteen. So if you tell a man of forty that he has the intelligence of a boy of fifteen, you may appear to be insulting him, but you are probably merely stating a fact. You are saying that he is of average intelligence—though there are more tactful ways of doing so. After the age of fifteen we may mature emotionally, and we may extend the horizons of our knowledge, but in general our mother-wit stays at the limits it reached about that age. But in men and women of superior intelligence the faculty begins to develop earlier than in less fortunate people, and goes on developing for a greater length of time—to the age of eighteen perhaps, or in very exceptional cases even later.

The idea of 'mental age' was the conception of the French psychologist, Binet. He devised a series of tests and gave them to large numbers of children, grouped according to age. Having modified them and remodified them in the light of experience, he was able to say: 'Here is a test devised for children of the age of seven. It represents the average abilities of children of that age. It applies whether the children come from good families where books are part of the furniture, or from poor families where books are unknown.'

A child who scored the average mark in that test was said to have a 'mental age' of seven.

A further refinement in the classification of intelligence was brought in by the American psychologist, Lewis Terman. He introduced the idea of the 'Intelligence Quotient', or I.Q. The I.Q. is calculated by dividing a person's mental age by his actual age. The resulting fraction is always multiplied by 100 for convenience, to bring it to a whole number. Therefore, the I.Q. of a child of seven whose mental age is seven is:

$$\frac{7}{7} \times \frac{100}{1} = 100$$

100 is the average I.Q. over the whole population. On the other hand, a boy of ten who is able to score as many in a test as the average boy of fourteen has an I.Q. of 140. People who have I.Q.s of 140 and over are called by educational psychologists 'geniuses'. They are rare! Only one per cent of the population have I.Q.s of over 130, so that even fewer can be called 'geniuses'.

## What is Intelligence?

By studying the youthful achievements of superior intelligences of the past, and comparing them with tested children of today, the I.Q.s of many great men have been estimated. They may be thought fanciful, but they are interesting. Voltaire is given as 170, Coleridge as 175, Goethe as 185, and John Stuart Mill as 190. An interesting thing about this is the indication that achievement is very far from being dependent on intelligence alone. Of the four great men mentioned, the one with the highest I.Q. is the least 'great'.

A great amount of research into the nature of intelligence was done by an Englishman Charles Spearman. He became interested in the problems of intelligence while he was an officer in the British Army during the Boer War, and threw up his commission in order to devote his time and energy to the problem. His heavily mathematical work, *The Abilities of Man*, is one of the major classics of psychology. He supported his theories with a vast array of mathematical calculations and devices. Put simply, he proved very conclusively that two factors are

involved in intelligence—a large general ability and a number of narrower special abilities. He was able to separate these out, and came to the conclusion that what we call 'intelligence' is this large general ability, and he defined it as the ability to perceive the full significance of how one thing stands in relation to another. For example, general intelligence is at work on a simple level in filling in the blank in the following sentence:

'Light' is to 'candle' as 'heat' is to . . .

He was able, too, to discover to what extent this large general ability was involved in certain kinds of mental skills. At one end of the scale was the study of Latin and Greek and of mathematics. Success in these studies was impossible to the unintelligent. At the other end were music and drawing. In these studies a person who had a special ability might do exceedingly well, even if he were not endowed with very much general intelligence. A man stupid in other things may be a competent musician; and mental defectives have often been skilled in drawing: but to be a good mathematician or a good classical scholar requires superior general intelligence.

Although intelligence tests are playing a bigger and bigger part both in industry and in education, they are *not* a complete indication of a person's powers. They do not test stability of purpose or emotional maturity. For example, Coleridge, with his very high intelligence, was driven to the use of opium by his emotional instability. All an intelligence test can do is to indicate whether, other things being favourable, a certain mind has the capacity for a certain task. And sometimes, too, intelligence tests seem to me to give credit for low cunning rather than superior abilities. I remember one test with a question which consisted of several clock faces printed as seen in a mirror and reading different times. Speed was a feature of the test. It immediately occurred to me that by looking through the paper against the light, I could read the times with no thought at all, but because I thought that would be defeating the purpose of the test, I refrained. Later I was told that that method was quite legitimate: a case of low correlation between intelligence and moral sense. Again, it is possible for the subtle mind to see difficulties where the less intelligent jump rapidly to the superficially right answer. In the question quoted at the head of this article, for example, the boy of superior intelligence might spend a few valuable seconds wondering why it was necessary to use twice as many words as the problem demanded, while the less intelligent boy rapidly jotted down the answer. Therefore, only people of superior intelligence should devise intelligence tests. That has not always been the case.

### *Low Cunning!*

Susan Ertz, the writer, tells the story of a very fine golfer who, when he married, discovered much to his annoyance that his wife wanted to play golf. She thought it unsuitable that he should find pleasure in something that did not include her. However, he felt otherwise and accordingly put his wits together, taught her the wrong grip—the wrong stance—and the wrong swing. The more she tried, the worse she became and so, in humiliation, she gave up! The story goes on to say that they are still married and still in love.

### *Danger*

*Question*: Can too many baths harm the skin?

*Answer*: Not ordinarily. Only the allergic or those deficient in Vitamin A may react. However, there does seem to be an amazing ratio of allergies and Vitamin A deficiencies among small boys.

*Question submitted by Elizabeth Mewhinney, Beechhurst, N.Y.* *This Month*

# *What is a Snob?*

*In the light of Thackeray's treatment of the subject in* The Book of Snobs, *one of England's most eminent literary critics examines snobbishness in all its varied aspects*

DESMOND MacCARTHY

LAST year saw the publication of two volumes of Thackeray's collected letters (edited by Gordon Ray, O.U.P., £6. 6s.), and there are two more to come. From the bulk of these volumes, let alone their price, it was clear that this was not an edition intended for the general reader, yet interesting to the general reader it undoubtedly was. Twentieth-century readers have been apt to depreciate Thackeray, especially in comparison with Dickens. Indeed, even among those who greatly admire his novels, some have seemed even proud of disliking the man himself. This publication of his letters has, however, shown him in a very favourable light, and several of these critics have recanted.

I cannot go into the causes which have tended to reduce the stature of Thackeray as a novelist in comparison with Dickens, who during their lifetime and for long afterwards were regarded as equals. Indeed, many people of literary taste, while admitting the far greater invention of Dickens, used to be inclined to give the palm to Thackeray as a writer of English and an acute commentator upon the ways of the world. But there was something about the peculiar mixture of cynicism and sentiment in Thackeray which suited ill with the temper of the times after the war of 1914, while Dickens' faults were far easier to excuse in the light of his tremendous comic energy. Again, Dickens was essentially democratic, and twentieth-century readers concluded that Thackeray must have been a snob. Was he not always satirising snobs, always seeing snobbery sticking out of people? Therefore, they argued, must he not have been an arch-snob himself? A man haunted by social distinctions and set upon observing whether so-and-so was a lady or a gentleman or only trying to be one? And here is an amusing point. If posterity is not too bewildered to be interested in past changes in literary taste, they will note that the typical twentieth-century reader was quite as apt to be 'prudish' about the mention of class distinctions in fiction as his nineteenth-century counterpart had been about the mention of sex! Thackeray had a sharp eye for social differences and their influence on people's behaviour, and therefore as a novelist he became an object of 'moral indignation' to many.

Of course, it does not follow that an author who describes a human weakness must himself be a victim of it any more than it follows, as Dr. Johnson once

*The 'royal' snob as drawn by Thackeray himself for the original* Punch *article*

remarked, 'that he who drives fat oxen must himself be fat'; although he must be aware of weaknesses which he exposes in others if he is to do his work really well.

## The Curse of Snobbishness

My text is Thackeray's *The Book of Snobs*; my object to explain why Thackeray saw snobbery everywhere without being a snob himself, and what he meant by it. It is not a dead subject—far from it—for whatever our walk of life we come across it in others or in ourselves. The word 'snob' was originally a term in early nineteenth-century Cambridge slang, meaning anyone unconnected with the University who had no pretention to gentility. As a Cambridge undergraduate in 1829, Thackeray contributed some satirical sketches, not unlike those in *The Book of Snobs*, to a weekly periodical, price 2½d., called *The Snob* (he probably started it himself). It only ran for eleven weeks. So much for the origin of the word. Thanks to Thackeray, it has come to mean anyone who for mean reasons admires those of superior rank or wealth, and by associating with them hopes to be regarded as a person of importance himself.

Out of different examples of this sort of person, male and female, rich or poor, whom he attacked in that series of contributions to *Punch*, made between March 1846 and February 1847, he composed *The Book of Snobs*. These papers were most popular, and *Punch* was unwilling to bring them to an end; he was encouraged to contribute forty-five of them—two dozen would have perhaps been better. Read separately, week by week, they were, of course, much more amusing.

In his preface to *The Book of Snobs* he wrote: 'I have—and for this gift I congratulate myself with a deep and abiding thankfulness—an eye for a snob. If the truthful is beautiful, it is beautiful to study even the snobbish; to track snobs through history as certain little dogs in Hampshire hunt out truffles; to sink shafts in society and come upon rich veins of snob-ore. Snobbishness is like Death, in a quotation from Horace, which I hope you never heard, "beating with impartial foot at poor men's doors, and kicking at the gates of Emperors." It is a great mistake to judge of snobs lightly, and think that they exist among the lower classes merely. An immense percentage of snobs, I believe, is to be found in every rank of this mortal life. You must not judge hastily or vulgarly of snobs; to do so shows that you are yourself a snob. I myself have been taken for one.'

And here is an extract from his observations in the last number. 'It seems to me that all English society is cursed by this mammoniacal superstition' (the worship of money), 'and that we are sneaking, and bowing and cringing on the one hand, or bullying and scorning on the other, from the lowest to the highest. My wife speaks with great circumspection—"proper pride," she calls it—to our neighbour the tradesman's lady: and She, I mean Mrs. Snob—Eliza—would give one of her eyes to go to Court as her cousin the captain's wife did. She, again, is a good soul, but it costs her agonies to be obliged to confess we live in Upper Thompson Street, Somers Town. . . . I can bear it no longer—this diabolical invention of gentility which kills natural kindliness and honest friendship. Proper pride indeed! Rank and precedence forsooth! The table of ranks and degrees is a lie, and should be flung into the fire. Organise rank and precedence! that was well for the masters of ceremonies of former ages. Come forward some great marshal, and organise Equality in society and your rod shall swallow up all the juggling of old Court gold-sticks. If this is not gospel-truth—if the world does not tend to this—if hereditary-great-man-worship is not a humbug and idolatory—let us have the Stuarts back again, and crop the Free Press's ears in the pillory. . . . I am sick of Court Circulars. I loathe *haute-ton* intelligence' (i.e., society-column gossip). 'I believe such words as Fashionable, Exclusive, Aristocratic, and the like to be wicked unchristian epithets

that ought to be banished from honest vocabularies.'

Pretty red-hot revolutionary sentiments for mid-Victorian days! Such, however, were the feelings boiling in Thackeray while at work on *Vanity Fair*, his great panorama of 'The World'; they provided the steam for the machinery which turned off rapidly these burlesque sketches of his contemporaries who gave dinner parties to show off, or scrambled for invitations to fashionable houses; of clergymen who neglected their duties to keep in with the county families; of parents who allowed their sons to ruin them by cutting a dash in smart regiments; of husbands who lost at cards what they could ill afford for the sake of belonging to fashionable clubs; of university tutors who toadied young peers; of rich city merchants who wanted titles and to marry their children into the aristocracy; of aristocrats who sold their dignity for money to keep up their pomp—and so on.

## Senseless Competition

Many features in these sketches appear grotesque and almost incredible today. But although they satirise bygone types, they draw attention to something in human nature with which we have to reckon in others and ourselves, however much the structure of society alters.

What did Thackeray mean by 'snobbishness'? He defined it as 'the mean admiration of mean things', but that is a surface aspect of what caught his eye when he surveyed the social scene: what he saw was that man is by nature an ostentatious and competitive animal. Social reformers may hope that those instincts will be abolished by changing an economic system, but that is doubtful. There are no titles in the U.S.S.R., but it would be rash to suppose that Ivan or Nicholas is not as excitedly gratified by a nod from a Commissar as Major Ponto was by a smile from the Marquis of Steyne. What Thackeray was perpetually exposing, and not only in his 'Snob Papers', was a tendency in human nature to sacrifice what is valuable—yes, and often even happiness itself—in order to outshine and triumph over others.

Social history shows that individuals are apt to use the surplus wealth they may acquire, or advantages which social custom may allow them, not to live more fully themselves, but first and foremost to impress the less fortunate that they do indeed enjoy such advantages over them. They will spend their money and leisure, often at the sacrifice of their own prospects or those of their children to inflate their own image in the eyes of 'the world'. This tendency, which often has a grotesquely comic side because it is transparent, is what Thackeray meant by 'snobbishness', and hunted down wherever he saw symptoms of it. The characteristic common to the lives of Thackeray's snobs or worldly people is that they are shown as sacrificing the true ends of life, namely, the domestic affections, friendship, peace of mind, security, in a senseless competition after prestige values. The men and women in *Vanity Fair* are shown neglecting their happiness in their scramble after things that are only worth having if no such price has to be paid for them. His sense of the ubiquity of this ostentatious, competitive impulse, even when concealed by tact and good manners, haunted and tortured him, for Thackeray did not want to see the world as a cynic sees it. He turned in relief to two relations in which this passion seemed most often to be in abeyance, namely in the relationship between a well-married pair or between mother and child. Consequently, when he described those sides of life in his stories, he was apt to melt with a tenderness which strikes many readers today as sentimental and over-effusive—though he was never as sentimental as Dickens.

Thackeray was no cynic; he could not whistle and chuckle over the welter of the world. Alas, for his own peace of mind, and sometimes for his own art as a novelist, he could not!

# BEETHOVEN

**Packed concert halls bear witness to the extraordinary increase in the popularity of classical music. Above all composers Beethoven has universal appeal for modern man; for, dogged by misfortune and illness, he proclaimed in his music man's triumph against Fate. Here is a vivid picture of the composer's life and an analysis of his musical genius**

## PAUL TABORI

*'. . . and whoever is unfortunate or miserable, let him find consolation in the fact that I am his brother and companion . . .'*

Beethoven's last Will and Testament

In March 1927 there were world-wide celebrations and festivals commemorating the hundredth anniversary of Beethoven's death. Heads of states and politicians, outstanding representatives of the human spirit, scientists, artists, musicians, religious leaders, soldiers, children and grown-ups, men and women, all took part in these gatherings and fêtes. It seemed as if the barriers between countries and classes, political beliefs and religious convictions, had been removed during these occasions. The music-lovers of mankind were united in Beethoven. '*Seid umschlungen, Millionen!*'—'Embrace each other, millions!', or, perhaps: 'Be united, mankind!'—he had cried in the greatest individual creation of humanity, the Ninth Symphony. He wanted to embrace the whole of humanity. Humanity embraced the great musician a hundred years after his death. And now, twenty years farther on, he is more firmly established in the affection of the peoples of the world than ever.

Beethoven's death seems to be a symbol. It can be interpreted as a symbol of his life.

He was fifty-seven and alone. Disease had broken his athlete's body. His wild mane had grown grey. Suffering had cut deep furrows into his domed forehead. His upper lip seemed to be constantly covering the lower. His formidable chin, his strongly marked cheekbones made his titanic face, now that he had become thinner and paler, even more angular. Only his eyes had their old, fine life, glowing in a dark fire, flashing the old defiance. He was deaf; he was poor; he was alone. When he

took to his bed, he sent Karl, his nephew and adopted son, for a doctor. Karl strayed into a pool room and forgot his uncle over his game of billiards. He remembered the need for a doctor *only two days later.* Even then he only told a waiter to send a physician to the Schwarzspanierhaus which stood behind the spot where the slim and beautiful Votivkirche stands today. The waiter accepted the commission but did not carry it out. Three days later he fell ill himself. He was taken to hospital, and there he remembered the other sick man who, forsaken by all, kept on waiting for the doctor in that suburban house of Vienna. The waiter spoke to his nurses and asked two doctors to call on the eccentric deaf musician. It was spring. A penetrating cold wind swept through the streets which were muddy and dangerous to cross. The doctors refused to go. By the time a third physician got to the Schwarzspanierhaus —where Lenau the poet had also lived and suffered—the patient was beyond all help.

His room was in indescribable disorder. His body was tortured by vermin, his mind by worry and anxiety. The Philharmonic Society of Vienna had given him an advance; his admirers in England sent him some money: on these sums he lived during the last weeks of his life. There were three operations—all unsuccessful. On 24 March he said to two of his visitors: 'Clap your hands! Soon the comedy'll be over!' He asked for his last Will. He left everything to his nephew and adopted son who was a scoundrel and gambler and whose indifferent wickedness had brought him to his grave. Now it only remained to make his peace with God. He made his confession, took the sacrament and was given the holy ointment of those about to die. 'Thank you, Very Reverend Father,' he said. 'You have eased my soul.'

On 26 March he had a visitor—a young musician from Graz, Anselm Hüttenbrenner. His two friends, Schindler and Breuning, left Beethoven in his care for the afternoon. They had to go to the cemetery to find him a grave. At five o'clock the small pyramid-shaped clock, Princess Lichnovsky's gift, stopped. It is still in existence; it still stops when a storm is about to break. At half-past five the first thunder rolled. A spring storm passed over Vienna. The dying man again opened his deep-set, burning eyes and stared into the clouds split by lightning. About six, in the light of a terrible bolt of lightning, Anselm Hüttenbrenner saw him lift his right hand and point to the sky. Then his hand fell back, his breathing ceased and his heart was at last in the haven of peace.

In the moment of his death there was no wife, no child, no relative, no friend at his side. He died in a disorderly room, in a verminous bed, forsaken, poor, deaf and silent, suffering terrible pain. A stranger closed his eyes. He was the greatest musical genius of the world. And the memory of this 26th day of March is celebrated every year by the world.

## Melody or Symbol?

If someone asked why he is the 'greatest' of all the magicians in the demonic world of sound, there are several answers to the question.

First of all: among people of Western education Beethoven's name is the best known. No other composer approaches his popularity. No figure of musical history has engaged the imagination of humanity so much as his; no single composer has had such a clearly discernible effect upon mankind as Beethoven.

These are all facts—but where is the explanation, our answer?

There are two roads to the creation and enjoyment of music. The first is direct, the second roundabout. Part of the public enjoys in music the musical values, that is melodies, new solutions of harmony, sound effects, form, etc. For them music is not a combination of hieroglyphs, not a symbol awaiting solution. Sounds have no sense or significance that can be expressed by ideas or words. These people enjoy the music in music.

The other group sees in music a symbol. For them music is not only ornament, arabesque, sound—but also a symbol that

must be solved. Everybody can interpret a symbol according to his own method, with the help of the emotions, thoughts, memories, experiences or, to use the slang of psychology, the help of associations connected with the sounds. Those in the first group do not seek for the 'meaning' of music. They are the born musicians. Music is their native tongue. They enjoy in it whatever music gives them. Those in the second group—*and they are greatly in the majority*—arrive at the enjoyment of music by an indirect route. They enjoy in it whatever music 'expresses'; in other words, whatever they give music out of themselves. These two types of listeners, music-lovers, we can also trace in the ranks of the creators of music.

## Memoirs in Sound

Some composers are mainly interested in melodies, harmonies, form in general—just as some poets begin by creating rhymes, polishing, bending the language to their own purposes, and try to discover new formal solutions.

For the other group language and music alike are only means through which they want *to express something*

By and large one could say that Beethoven was the first composer who made a conscious attempt to express by music his inner experience, all the secrets of his innermost soul. He was the first composer who consciously tried to pour his experiences into the vessel of sound, to transform them into music. He did not want to give ornaments, mathematics, arabesques in his work—he wanted to *write his memoirs in sound*—and in this he succeeded. He was the first to succeed.

The first reason for his extraordinary effect and influence is found in this. Whatever he had to say was new, interesting, incomparably individual and surprising.

The second explanation of his effect was the fact that whatever he wanted to say, he was able to say it and express it. As his ideas were entirely new, the old means of expression proved unsuitable, its limitations too narrow. Beethoven broke down these barriers. He created a new musical language. He wrestled and fought with this language to the very end of life—but he was almost always victorious, forcing his raw material to obey him in most cases. He opened to us a new word in the possibilities of musical expression; his discoveries in the endless world of music were at least as important as those of Christopher Columbus in the world of tangible geographical facts. He was a revolutionary. 'There is no rule you cannot defy if by this we achieve greater beauty,' he wrote, but whenever he broke an old rule, he gave the gift of new beauties to the world. He was a rebel. But a rebel who only built, never destroyed.

The third cause of his unusual effect was simply that his music was the manifestation of a soul which had few equals in nobility and heroism and that his life was worthy of his ideals, his faith, his conception of the world.

What was his life like? What was the conception of life and world, the faith that was the consequence of his life?

## His Life and Philosophy

He was almost the archetype of a man dogged by ill-fortune. He lost his mother whom he adored when comparatively young. His father was a tenor and a drunkard. His brothers never understood him. Family life he never knew. He was of low stature, with a huge head and a squat body. Those who did not know him often found him a comic sight. He was not a healthy man. The illness which later caused his total deafness appeared first when he was twenty-six. Other ailments also tortured him a great deal. He was fully conscious of his genius. This consciousness became the inexhaustible source of suffering for him. Apart from the time when he was engaged to Theresa Brunswick, his manner was shy, haughty, grim, his temper irritable, his disposition unfriendly.

His heart was brimful with love. He longed for human companionship, but his deafness and his rough manners built a

high, rigid wall between him and his fellow-beings. He never found a real friend. And he never knew human love. He had successes, but the critics decried him. Of his music they said that it was confused, bizarre, senseless, forced, artificial, sickly, over-elaborate, wild, noisy. His greatest creations were received with indifference while he lived. His life was full of ups and downs. He practically never had any money. His social position remained unsatisfactory.

All this was made worse by his preoccupation with philosophy. *He was the first composer who ever pondered his own self and the order of the world.* He considered Kant the greatest thinker. Shakespeare was closest to his soul. He admired Goethe of all writers; he loved Schiller best. And in music his ideals were Bach and Mozart.

* * *

What conception of the world did he reach in his unlucky life? Did he deny life completely? Did he come to hate mankind? Did he despise love? His life was an unbroken series of battles against fate. It was only natural that Man's fight with his fate was an ever-recurrent theme in his works. No one could express the duel of Fate and Man with such shattering force as Beethoven did. But in this fight it was always Man who triumphed. Beethoven himself was overcome a thousand times by his destiny; yet in the Fifth Symphony the last movement still sang the hymn of life, rising above everything, with an almost ecstatic affirmation.

He was the victim of endless injustice. Yet the trumpet proclaims at the end of the Leonora Overture inexhaustible strength: justice lived! lived for ever! could never die!

All his life he longed in vain for a wife. Yet in Fidelio he erected an eternal monument to the self-sacrificing, loving woman —whom he had never met in reality. He was passionately devoted to freedom, and Europe was groaning under the yoke of tyranny and reaction while he lived. But at the end of the Egmont Overture the fanfares proclaimed to the sceptics, the compromisers, the cowards and to those of little faith that even if the hero fell, the idea of freedom had to triumph unavoidably!

And at the end of his life this heart, sick of a thousand wounds, sang in his musical last will and testament—the Ninth Symphony—the hymn of joy, the joy of life that saves the world.

Man fights and triumphs. Justice lives. God is alive. The day of liberty is dawning. The storm passes. Life is stronger than death. He who suffered perhaps more than any human being proclaimed to suffering mankind the creed of unshakable optimism.

* * *

The history of music enumerates his great services. He was the Shakespeare of the symphony. The piano owes to him the rank it occupies in our musical life. His works of chamber music are unsurpassable masterpieces of intimate music. There is nothing comparable with the transcendent beauty of the last string quartets. No one knew better the soul of the violin. And in the Ninth Symphony—like the eaves in the seed—there lies hidden the whole music of the nineteenth century.

Music is the only sensual pleasure without vice. *Johnson*

At every one of those concerts in England you will find rows of weary people who are there, not because they really like classical music, but because they think they ought to like it. G. B. SHAW—*Man and Superman*

*Toda wedding. Honeymoon first—then wedding. Musicians arrive!*

# UTOPIA

## *OF THE*

# TODAS

At a time when we are all exhorted to work as we have never worked before, and when restrictions, rationing, shortages, and atom bombs make a mockery of our so-called civilised freedom, we can be forgiven for turning a jaundiced eye on a people who experience none of our tribulations—a people who would be profoundly shocked at the very idea of hard work, and who have been living in their own idea of Utopia, unmolested

*The pretty little bride bows down before her husband*

*To Western conventions the marriage customs of the Todas may seem reprehensible. Yet this small community of six hundred has maintained itself in contentment and without signs of decadence for many centuries*

## ROLAND BLACKBURN

and deliriously happy for many centuries.

Such a people are the Todas, a pastoral and agricultural tribe who spend their lives in a perpetual *dolce far niente* amid the lovely scenery of the Nilgiri Hills in Southern India. Other men call them 'the laziest people on earth', but in fact they are the wisest, for they have learned how to be busy doing nothing, how to make a living without earning it, and how to attain perfect social and intellectual freedom. They make no effort to cultivate the land, but are entitled 'lords of the soil', not only on account of their self-assertion and independent bearing, but because of their practice of levying 'gudu', or tribute in kind, on the Bodighar tribe, who regard them with superstitious veneration. Apart from this they depend entirely on their herds of buffaloes for support. They are a most attractive race, both in manner and appearance. They are amiable, laughter-loving and fearless in character, tall, well-proportioned and athletic. Their dress consists of a single coarse cloth, which is, at the outset, white with a few bars of colour at either end. The men wear it as a sort of toga, which, however, leaves the legs bare, and is wrapped about the person like a Highlander's plaid.

Where the Todas originally came from is a matter only for speculation, but they have lived near Ootacamund in the Nilgiris for longer than historians care to

*The bridegroom spends the first night inside the hut of the bride, with the bride's mother on guard outside to pass in food and keep out callers. Note the low little door*

estimate. Shortly after William the Conqueror invaded England, one of the great Indian Generals fought his way into the Nilgiris, and the Todas were an old-established people then. Throughout the centuries they have preserved their customs, their primitive beliefs and their tribal integrity. Happy in their ideal climate, they have developed song and poetry. Every event is an excuse for someone to sit down and sing an impromptu song with the words and the music composed on the spot. Even children are song composers. And though they sing eloquently about the dead, and about their gods, and compose elaborate lullabies and lyrics about dawn and the beauty of the mountains, they also sing about every trivial event, and about most unpoetic (to us) things such as trains, and their illnesses, and about any casual visitor to their tribe.

A great part of their singing is taken up with the praise of love and of individual lovers and love affairs, for a very good reason. The Todas have greater sexual freedom than any other tribe in the world, and apparently have no feeling that corresponds to hatred or jealousy in any respect. As with most other peoples, marriage is an institution with them. When a boy grows up, he chooses a wife, but when he marries, his wife also becomes the wife of all his brothers and the woman has full marital standing and relationships with all of them —whatever the number—until they decide to get married themselves, when they choose their own wives and go their own ways. But if a husband becomes a widower, he is quite entitled to court another man's wife, to carry her off to his home and open negotiations with her husband and her father, offering to buy her (usually with cows). It is open for the previous husband to object, but it is highly irregular, for the understanding is that if the woman allows herself to be carried off, the husband will accept compensation for her loss and then look round to see whether he cannot get away with somebody else's wife for himself.

*Groom and bride appear in the morning at the little door of the hut and emerge. The bride then confirms or annuls the whole ceremony with a shy, ladylike nod of the head, vertical or horizontal*

## Poets and Free Lovers

In addition to this, practically every man, married or single, has his mistress, and each woman has her lover. There are absolutely no interferences with the course of true love, for a man may carry off another man's wife, marry her and at the same time visit yet another man's wife as his 'mistress', even though that 'mistress' is herself married to four or five brothers. This glorious tangle is even more complicated by the fact that casual love affairs are always going on, and the official attitude is that these casual affairs are all right—unless the husband finds out. If he does find out, he gets compensation. A present of a good cow puts matters to rights.

So this nation of poets and free lovers carries on, knowing nothing of jealousy or hatred, never dreaming that a love-adventure with another man's wife merits

disapproval from her husband plus expensive High Court proceedings. One wonders whether the Todas would be able to find time for anything else but love. They certainly are able, for the whole of their tribal customs are built around neither love nor poetry but around buffaloes and cows. Everything connected with the upkeep of these animals is solemn and sacred. The dairy is the Toda temple, and the Todas have no temple beside it. In fact, the cow has become so elevated on this little southern plateau that she overshadows the humans, who have become her worshippers and servants. Their only prayers are 'May all be well', and 'May the buffaloes be well.'

## Lazy but Happy!

They nevertheless have five orders of priesthood, the highest being the Palal, herdsman and priest combined, who exerts a powerful influence over the inhabitants of the mund. They believe that God dwells in the Palal, and makes known His will to those who come to Him for counsel. The milk of the sacred herd, which it is considered sacrilege to sell, is appropriated by the Palal, who, in addition to this privilege, is the recipient of many propitiatory gifts from the timid Bodighars, who hold him in great awe, not only for his sanctity, but for his supposed acquaintance with the 'black art'.

A death is the occasion of many strange ceremonies in a Toda mund. When a member of the community is thought to be dying, he is dressed in all the ornaments and jewellery of his house, and his friends' last office is to give him milk to drink. He is then wrapped in a new mantle, into the pockets of which a supply of grain, sugar, and salt is thoughtfully put for his use on the road to 'Amnur', the other country. A sufficient number of buffaloes are killed at each funeral 'to supply the dead with milk in the other district', and the spirits of men and buffaloes are supposed to leap together from Múkarté Peak into Heaven. When a child is born, a young buffalo calf is brought. The father takes three bamboo measures, and pours water from the third into the other two, holding them close to the hind quarters of the calf on the right side. This may possibly refer to the future supply of milk for the child's sustenance, milk, curds, butter, and various cereals forming the staple articles of food among the Todas.

There are about six hundred Todas, and it is a remarkable fact that, throughout the centuries, that figure has never been greatly exceeded, nor has it been reduced. They seem to have found the secret of self-preservation and limitation of population according to resources. There is no doubt that they are a supremely happy people, totally ignorant of any kind of worry. Perhaps they *are* indolent and lazy. Perhaps they haven't progressed in any way for centuries. But what do we mean by progress? If we mean the attainment of a life of perfect contentment, then the Todas are far more progressive than we are.

*The overjoyed groom seals the contract with the fine wedding necklace of ivory and seed pearls placed lovingly around his bride's neck. He then gives a wedding feast*

# Building Licences

*In a time of shortages, few would dispute the necessity for controls. They should, however, be designed to help overcome these shortages. Is this the case in the housing drive? In this article a practical builder shows how unnecessary red tape is having the opposite result*

S. H. BEALES

THE building industry is subject to control by licence. It suffers, in common with all controlled activities, from the usual frustration and delays that only bureaucratic red tape and officialism can devise.

However, practical experience gathered in attempting to maintain a large number of premises in a habitable condition reveals that there are many difficulties peculiar to this particular control.

The first one encounters is the widespread ignorance among lessees of the control itself, viz., that only £10 may be spent in six months on any single hereditament, plus £2 per month, and that this includes the cost of materials no matter what sort. Here we have the anomaly that, while anyone can buy any household fitting such as a tiled fireplace for, say, £12 without any permit, it is an offence to pay a builder £2 to fix it.

Another difficulty is that the £10 limit applies to each and every property, no matter what its size or rateable value. While it may be ample for a small cottage, it will not even keep the plumbing in repair in a large hotel. Many small builders, too, have the impression that the £10 limit applies to any one particular job and that the total expense over the six months period need not be considered.

When black market building is so widespread, it is difficult to imagine why the true conditions have not been more clearly published.

Further anomalies arise when application is made for licence on form 1136A. There is difficulty in fixing the amount; many builders will not give estimates today. Even when this is achieved, one is at the mercy of the local district surveyors, who vary considerably in exercising the discretionary powers granted them by their Councils and by the Ministry of Works instructions. There can be no doubt that the easiest thing for an individual in a responsible position to do is to say 'No', and this occurs with marked frequency in some districts. Others read some spirit into the letter of the law and a reasonable application has some chance of being successful. It is hard for people living near a boundary to see people on the other side getting their repairs done while they are denied the privilege.

Now, however, the Ministry have withdrawn to a large extent the discretionary powers conferred on R.D.C.s, by fixing financial ceilings for licences issued ranging from about £50 to £300 per month for each district. When one considers the number of small builders operating who are not engaged on new houses, these amounts appear to be ridiculous.

There is no doubt, too, that if under present conditions no black market work is carried out, most small repairing builders will be out of business in about three months. One can apply for a licence in the name of a decorator who is not now, or ever likely to be, engaged on new houses, and who has all the necessary

paint and distemper in stock, and still be refused. Mr. Bevan stated recently that it was almost obscene that people were having unnecessary decorations carried out and thereby depriving others of new houses. Someone should tell Mr. Bevan the simple fact that decorators do not build houses. Another point arises here inasmuch as Councils have had existing Council houses repainted, whilst refusing licences to private owners. Nowhere does the law specify that external painting to existing Council houses should take precedence over that of privately owned houses, and there is no ethical or technical reason why it should.

Britain's greatest asset, its buildings, many designed by architects and built by craftsmen who put the quality of their work above the reward, already blasted and neglected by the war, are going to rack and ruin simply to conceal the chaotic state of the so-called housing drive.

## Brakes on Building

Many people are having to tolerate damp walls, dry rot, old defective pumps, premises without bathrooms, lavatory accommodation, hot water or electric light installations. (The writer has one case of an application to lay a concrete floor on old bricks in the only earth closet on the premises and construct a small soak-away for surface water, to prevent flooding. The occupants approach the place in snow-boots and sit with their feet in several inches of water after a rainfall. A licence was refused.) A glimpse of the elaborate kitchen and bathrooms in prefabricated houses and of new Council houses half finished, with two modern lavatories, is of small consolation to these people.

There are enough small builders who will never be engaged on new work to alleviate most of this 'hiatus'; the W.B.A. controls will ensure that first priority work does not suffer, and even these should be limited to materials that really are in short supply.

In conclusion, it remains to enumerate briefly the real reasons why these new houses are not materialising.

1. Of the real experts at building small houses quickly—the much-maligned speculative builders—many were forced out of business by the war, and controls and direction of labour have now kept them out of the field.

2. Many of those who have obtained contracts to build Council houses are large government contractors who mushroomed into existence and prosperity during the war, building aerodromes, camps, etc. They were reared on the cost-plus system with its demoralising effect on the amount of work per day per man. There are so few of these large concerns operating that it is possible for them almost to pick their contracts and take their own time and price. One would not dare say they do!

In at least a few cases they have obtained contracts, put in the footings up to the damp course and then turned their attention to private work of a more lucrative nature. Their high E.P.T. standards give them an added incentive which other firms today are lacking.

3. The onus to build is on the local authorities.

They, too, have not the same incentive or experience (as the pre-war builders who were in the game for a living) to force their plans through the labyrinth of red tape.

There are, of course, many other reasons, but without making it too obvious that our politics are really to blame, one can forecast that until someone, somehow, introduces a little healthy competition into the business, these half-finished, half-hearted new houses will sink deeper into the Slough of Despond.

It's only human nature and that's the whole trouble.

# *The 'Fauves'*

DENYS SUTTON

THE young painter of the generation of 1900 was faced with one absorbing and almost frustrating problem: how could he find an artistic style which would express his own personality and, at the same time, go beyond the formulae of the past generation? Several ways were open to him. He could adopt Impressionism, which had only recently become respectable, as a basis for his development, or he could attempt to propound a style corresponding to his own needs. For the painter desirous of painting in a contemporary idiom, the question of following Impressionism, let alone a more academic method, hardly arose. The only way he could assuage his wish to create and realise his personality in artistic terms was to advance along a new path. The moment itself was propitious. In a period when ideas and manners were being liberated from the conventions of the nineteenth century, this movement towards a greater freedom in treatment and subject matter was inevitably accompanied by a similar degree of experimentalism in painting. Impressionism and all it represented had necessarily to be challenged: then, as always, if painters would do more than work in a sterile mannerism, a fresh approach to reality was essential.

Impressionism had characterised so many aspects of late nineteenth-century France. In the particular delicacy of their effects, in their ability to evoke the play of lights, the Impressionists had captured the delightful moments of civilised existence, an afternoon spent in the Bois, a luncheon party in the sunshine—those '*charmes de la vie*' which Watteau and, before him, the Venetians, had so deliciously represented. But the Impressionists had not gone beyond this; they had, indeed, no wish to do so. They were content to appreciate rather than to analyse, to suggest rather than to state. Their work contained no hint of that struggle to evade the cramping atmosphere of 'bourgeois' society implicit in Gauguin and Van Gogh, in Odilon Redon and Gustave Moreau, and even in Cézanne.

These were the painters who exerted so immediate and potent an appeal to the generation of 1900, and who gave them the courage to evolve in a personal manner. However contradictory their aims and styles might seem, the work of Van Gogh and Cézanne contained the seeds of the future, those elements which appealed so conspicuously to the future Fauves. Cézanne, for instance, had clearly shown that the depiction of the surface values of light had now to surrender before the depiction of the recessional values of objects; Van Gogh, for his part, had demonstrated the importance of a direct formulation of personal sensation and emotion. Such doctrines were to fall on ready ears. Matisse, who was to lead the Fauves and the younger generation at this juncture, realised that Impressionism was a spent force and had to be superseded. Impressionism, he once remarked, could be compared with a brick wall through which

 [*Continued on page 53*

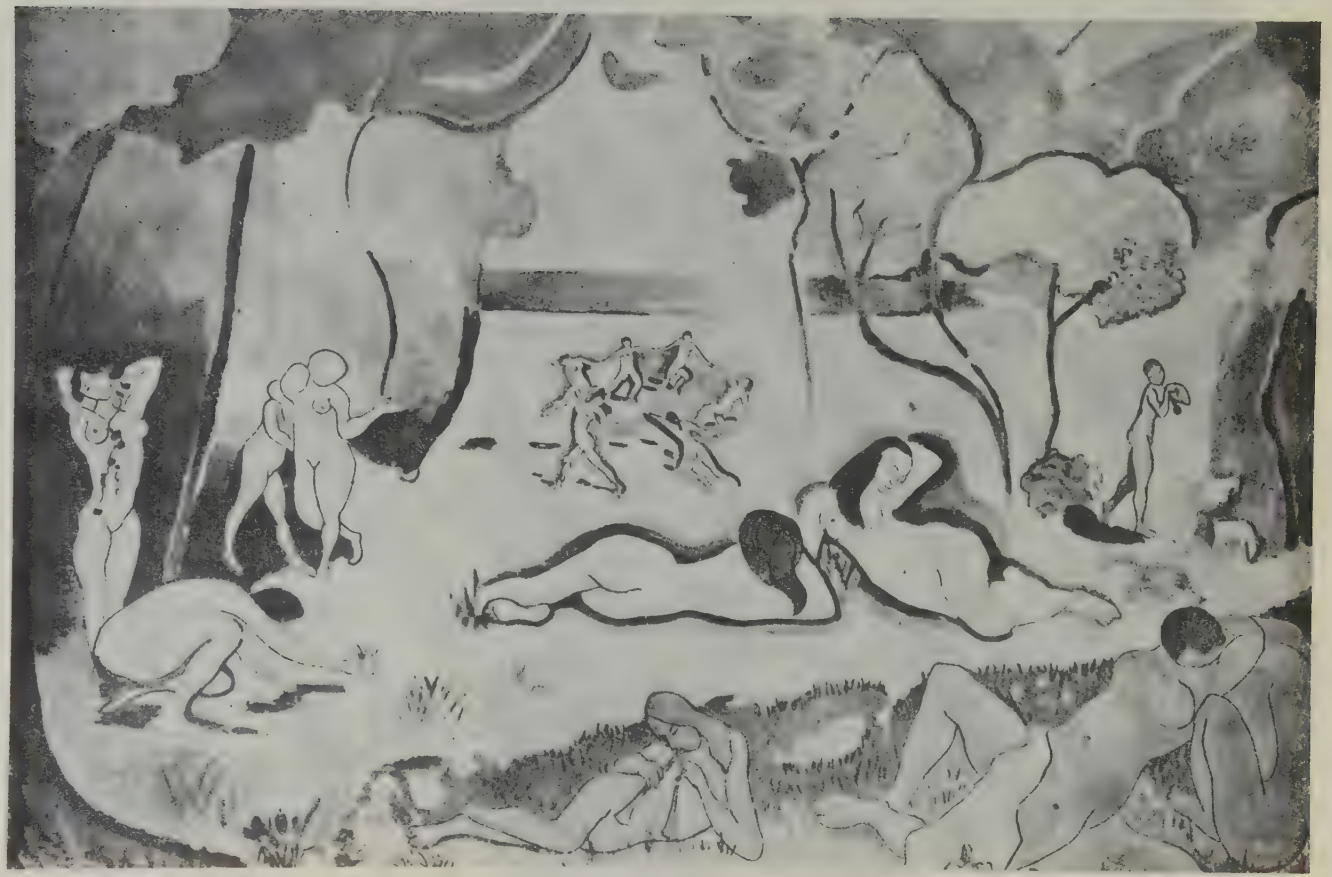
*Lefevre Galler*

AOUL DUFY

L'Estrade

M. VLAMINCK — La Seine à Chatou

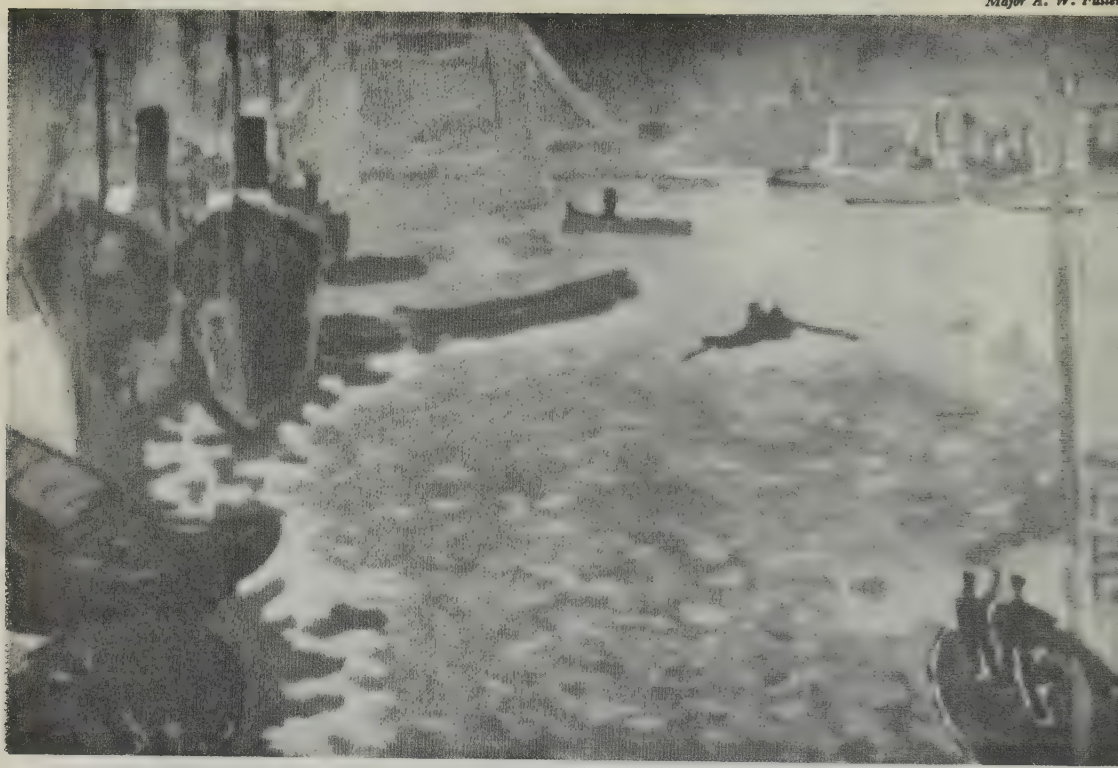
*Barnes Institute, U.S.A.*



HENRI MATISSE.

La Joie de Vivre

*Major A. W. Fusle*



ANDRÉ DERAIN

Tower Bridge

Continued from page 48]

a hole had to be knocked; beyond lay a rich and dramatic existence dominated by the clash of colours and of light.

The development of Matisse's own painting indicates that for him Fauvisme was the outcome of a conscious period of research and experiment. For Vlaminck, on the other hand, it was an expression of his pugnacious and virulent personality. In his early paintings, Matisse, using cool grey tones, had worked in the tradition of Chardin and Corot, only later adopting Impressionism. Even after his visit to Corsica, when his colour became intense and pure, Matisse had still to go through a period of search and experiment. That he doubted the ability of Impressionism to solve his problems was clear. His doubts were shared by the young painters he had met in the studio of Gustave Moreau. After his return from Corsica, they kept together working in the Atelier Carrière, and later shared a studio in the rue Dutot, where Matisse painted what was virtually the first announcement of the Fauve style, a study of a male, nude, in blue. The date of this picture proves that Vlaminck's claim that Fauvisme resulted from a chance meeting between himself and Derain is incorrect. Derain, indeed, whose celebrated copy of a Ghirlandaio in the Louvre dates from 1900, was more exact in stating that his efforts and those of Vlaminck served only to confirm a state of affairs which already existed.

By 1898, however, Fauvisme was still a shadowy movement; it needed precise formulation. Matisse, for instance, was to derive such support from Cézanne's *Les Baigneuses*, which he acquired in 1899. Yet Matisse, himself, was still in process of discovering his characteristic style. Friesz and Dufy, who both came from Le Havre, he had met by 1900 and in that year exhibited with them at the Galerie Prat. In 1900, too, he met Derain and through him Vlaminck. The original group of Fauves was now assembled, though as yet its members had not formulated any precise views. What in fact had happened was that a coalition had occurred between the former pupils of Moreau, who were in revolt against the Academies, the so-called Chatou group of Derain and Vlaminck, Friesz and Dufy who had worked in Bonnat's studio and the independent Dutch painter, Kees van Dongen. In addition, Braque joined the Fauves in 1904. Characteristic of the interdependence of the Fauves was that, during 1904, Matisse painted in a divisionistic manner, arranging his colours to achieve an almost Byzantine richness. He had now come to represent his sensations direct by colour. This direct and expressive type of painting he and Derain sent from Collioure to the now celebrated Salon d'Automne of 1905. Shown together with that of the other Fauves, such work caused an immediate sensation and the art critic, Louis Vauxcelles, dubbed Matisse and his companions the 'Fauves' or the 'Wild Men', a term which was to stay.

## The Challenge of Opposition

The Fauves had not yet considered themselves as a group: they were too individual for that. They formed no precise movement which issued manifestos, defining their aesthetic position. Fauvisme, on the contrary, was one of the least literary of movements, relying for its effect on the visual shock of its painting alone. But opposition was to unite them, at any rate temporarily. Fauvisme, as an aesthetic point of view made its appearance, formulated in an article by Matisse in *La Grande Revue* and later by Vlaminck in *Tournant Dangereux*. As a style, Fauvisme conveyed a turbulent joy in life, which took its note, perhaps, from Matisse's *La Joie de Vivre*, In the richly painted canvases of the Fauves, the world appeared vivid and colourful after the soft shades of the Impressionists. Their use of a varied and vibrant range of colours was striking. Pure colour squeezed from the tube and lavishly applied to the canvas became symbolical of their style as a whole. It was colour, the immediate apprehension of visual experience by means of colour, that liberated them from their inhibitions, enabling them

to paint as they so desired. In this search for new means of enriching the imagination they turned to Eastern and Negro art, and, at the same time, disregarded the laws of perspective.

## The Revolt Against Rationalisation

Fauvisme was sensual, individual and spontaneous in its pictorial effects. But for each painter Fauvisme was essentially something different. Matisse could impose a scrupulous sense of form upon the rhythmic patterns of his colour. To Vlaminck, on the other hand, Fauvisme provided an opportunity to express a sense of revolt against society and liberate his personality; and it was this reliance on intuition and revolt against excessive rationalisation which made one critic compare Fauvisme with Bergsonism.

Fauvisme was the movement of liberation. The later development of its adherents did not in all cases substantiate the promise of the early work. Friesz's brilliant portrait of *Fernand Fleuret* was to be followed by a manneristic repetition of flowerpieces; Van Dongen was to allow his gift for character and sense of paint to be submerged by too many portrait commissions. Even Dufy was rarely to achieve such finely composed canvases as his *L'Estrade*, though his exquisite sense of colour and gift of simplification has reappeared with greater depths in his latest water colours. Matisse, for his part, used Fauvisme as an opportunity to develop his personal approach to visual experience; in *La Joie de Vivre*, for instance, he expressed that tender lyricism and poetry, that understanding of colour relations which is one of his great contributions to painting. His imaginative construction of an experience is presented with finality and mastery.

The exhilaration of Fauvisme could not last. By 1908 the attention of the younger generation had shifted away from colour to form. But during the years 1900 to 1908 Fauvisme was the movement of the hour. Its aims were clear, its achievements considerable. The Fauves staked all on their ability to translate their emotions and sensations before a scene into sharp, dramatic paint; as in Derain's *Harbour Scene* the effect consists of contrasts of pure colours and simplified outlines. The design is simplified to achieve a harmonious whole imbued with lightness and vivacity.

The exact delimitation of Fauvisme and its relation to Expressionism are not always easy to establish. Rouault, for instance, originally exhibited with the Fauves though, as his later work shows, he was essentially an Expressionist. Yet though the Expressionists themselves derived from Van Gogh, a particular turn was given to their work by its dependence on Munch. They seem, too, to have known the painting of their French contemporaries; Van Dongen and Nolde, for instance, have much in common. But Expressionism was far more complicated than Fauvism, more tinged with literary experience. Both movements aimed at a translation of personal emotion; but whereas the Expressionists were more concerned with spiritual or moral questions, the Fauves restricted themselves to the depiction of a few simple feelings. Expressionism, indeed, was far more pessimistic in its outlook.

Once colour had been restored to its central place in the tradition of modern painting, once artists realised that they could dispense with the rules of perspective, the inspiration of Fauvisme waned. It had accomplished its task as a point of departure. Significantly Braque moved on from Fauvisme to Cubism, and the analysis of form engaged the attention of modern artists. The two constant preoccupations of the painter, form and colour, were thus continued in the main stream of modern painting, a synthesis apparent in Matisse. Brilliant, colourful, and exotic, Fauvisme was the expression of a sense of happiness and youth, an exultant demonstration of the ability of paint, as a thing in itself, to render sensation, and a celebration of the resilience of the individual.

# THE GROWING DANGER OF POWER

*Two recent books, one written by the leader of the July plot to assassinate Hitler, and the other by Mussolini's Foreign Minister, paint a detailed and fascinating 'behind the scenes' picture of totalitarian states. In analysing these two books, George Edinger stresses the fact that, once absolute power is invested in the executive, inevitable tyranny is the result*

GEORGE EDINGER

'Let us consider that arbitrary power has seldom or never been introduced into any country at once,' wrote Lord Chesterfield. 'It must be introduced by slow degrees and as it were step by step lest the people should see its approach!'

A chain of coincidence, providential perhaps for posterity, has preserved two vital records of this slow, relentless march of arbitrary power, recorded from behind the scenes. They were set down, one in Germany and one in Italy, by two men who did not expect that they or their story would ever penetrate into the world. Count Ciano's *Diario* (Rizzoli, Milan) was completed in the author's cell at Verona on 23 December 1943, three weeks before his execution. 'If these notes of mine ever do see the light,' he says, 'it will be because I had put them in a safe place before the Germans got hold of me by a low-down piece of treachery.' (The Nazis induced Count Ciano to travel as far as Munich by the promise of safe conduct to Spain, and then delivered him over to Mussolini's short-lived Fascist Republic.)

Fabian von Schlabrendorff's *Offiziere gegen Hitler* (Europa Verlag, Zürich) was conceived by the writer in the Gestapo Prison, Prinz Albrechtstrasse, Berlin, in February 1945 while he lay under interrogation and torture to extract details of the military plot against Hitler in the previous July.

On 11 January 1944 Count Galeazzo Ciano was executed, but his papers were saved by Edda Mussolini, his widow, who smuggled them to Switzerland. Schlabrendorff was more fortunate—his trial was interrupted by an air raid. When the 'All Clear' sounded, both judge and dossier lay buried in the ruins. The authors were very different in character. The Italian, schooled in Machiavelli, proud of his seemingly clever cynicism, continued for three years as Foreign Minister to implement a policy which he bewailed and lamented every day in this Diary, kept apparently for the good of his soul. The German Staff-Captain fought in the Conservative Underground from the moment Hitler arrogated the supreme power. As A.D.C. to General von Treschkow, Chief of Staff at von Kluge's Smolensk Headquarters, he put two bombs into the Leader's aeroplane (but they did not explode) back in March 1943. The German was the finer man. Germans emerge from a study of these two books with more credit than Italians. Schlabrendorff lists the names of 127 men, mostly senior officers and landowners ('the blue-blooded rabble' against which Hitler used to inveigh), who were all executed, tortured or driven to suicide for their part in the 'Generals' plot. It reads like a page torn from the *Almanac de Gotha*. Italian Generals were shabbier stuff altogether. Perhaps the last word on this was said by Treschkow the day before his death. 'The God who would spare Sodom if there were ten righteous men found in the City will,

I am sure, save Germany, if it is only for our sakes.'

But, essentially, both men tell the same story; both sound the same warning. In their pages we see how absolute power once invested in the executive inevitably degenerates into tyranny and how, once conceded to the executive, it can never be revoked. In both instances the tyrants started their careers as Socialists. Both were proletarians, born. Both found their readiest tools among their former political associates springing from the same class of society as themselves. There is no safety in electing the man of the people.

Count Ciano is the more amusing writer. His narrative is spiced with pleasing wit. By March 1940, he is convinced that Mussolini means war because 'it is bad enough for him that Hitler should be fighting a war, let alone winning it.' When Dr. Ley, chief of the Nazi Labour front, announces his visit to Rome, Ciano comments that he might have spared himself the trouble as nobody invited him to incommode himself. He quotes approvingly King Victor Emmanuel on the green-shirted leaders of Roumanian Fascism. 'They ought to leave off those silly shirts; it makes them look like the hotel porters in Tsarist Russia.' When Ribbentrop informs Laval, summoned to Hitler's quarters in an East Prussian Forest, that his countryman 'Napoleon' once stayed there, the Count observes that this is a typical piece of German manners because 'unless I am mistaken, it was in rather different circumstances.' That was the time Hitler talked for three hours to the intense annoyance of Mussolini 'who is used to doing the talking himself!' But Laval said one witty thing: 'It is a little difficult for me to do much because all I ever hear in France is "Laval to the gallows!"' And Ciano overheard this talk in English between a German and an Italian General discussing the Russian front.

'Had we heavy losses?' asks the Italian.

'No losses at all. You ran away.'

'Like you at Moscow.'

'Exactly!'

Unfortunately Ciano cannot see any joke pointed against himself.

When the French Ambassador, François Poncet, summoned to hear Italy's declaration of war in June 1940, after remarking that he thought it was only Stalin who stabbed a prostrate country, looks up to see the Italian Foreign Minister in full Air Force uniform and remarks, 'Now don't go and get yourself killed', Ciano pompously comments, 'Well, I had rather be the soldier minister than the minister soldier', which is the first and last we hear about his soldiering. But at least his wit enables him to see clear. Just before the war, Sir Percy Lorraine, the British Ambassador, tells him that Britain will certainly fight and that he (Sir Percy) means to fight, too; that Britain of today is very different to what it was a few years ago. 'I did not go into polemics because I think that is true and Sir Percy knows that I think so,' Ciano admits.

In 1939 Ciano starts with views diametrically opposed to those of his chief and father-in-law 'I say we must keep out if we can, but if we do fight, it should be against the Germans. Mussolini says we should get in if we can, and if so it must be with the Germans.'

## Mussolini *versus* Hitler

Mussolini cannot allow Hitler to steal the limelight and the glory. He plunges Italy into war out of sheer vanity, without wanting to realise that she has virtually no Air Force. 'Our air losses in the first month amount to 250 machines; we have produced an equal quantity, but it is much harder to replace the pilots!'

Mussolini had never worried about the power or potential of his Air Force. He worried excessively about the angle of the Fascist salute, the correctness of the goose-step introduced as *passo Romano*; fretted to fury about a press photograph showing a guard of honour performing a ragged 'Present Arms'. But about the strength of the Air Force he was so ignorant, so misinformed by people anxious to hold down their jobs, so unwilling to face a

disagreeable truth (Hitler, too, according to Schlabrendorff, pulled down the blinds of the windows in his railway carriage to blink the disagreeable fact that German cities were badly bombed) that Ciano seriously weighed the practicability of driving round all the hangars and counting up the planes.

From the falsification of their forecasts, both dictators only concluded that their people were unworthy of them. 'The Duce launched into an all-out attack on the Italian people', runs Ciano's entry for 5 August 1940.' That always happens when he meets obstacles to his schemes. He says that his main object in afforesting the Appenines is to make the Italian climate more severe and breed a hardier race.' (At this stage the editor of the Diaries notes that the mental specialists got worried.) Next he wants to make all Southern Italians serfs for the more warlike North Italians. When Naples is bombed, he is delighted because 'the experience will make it a city of Nordic stamina.' ('I have,' says Ciano, 'some doubts.') Galled because France collapsed before he struck a blow, galled by the progressively inglorious progress of Italian arms, galled by what Ciano calls 'the inferiority complex of his Admirals,' galled by Hitler's answer to his offer of Italian aid for the invasion of Britain (a polite refusal, coupled with the suggestion that German troops should be sent to the Mediterranean instead), galled, above all, by Hitler's telephone orders to meet him at difficult times in inconvenient places ('he rings for me as if I were a waiter'), this silly Duce is mentally unbalanced by the February of 1943 when Count Ciano, removed from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, closes his Diary and takes leave of his chief.

'He asked me if all my papers were in order. "Yes," I said. "They are all in order, and when the dark days come, as come they must, I shall be able to document all Germany's acts of treachery to us from the time they decided on this war till the day they invaded Russia and never told us till their troops were over the border. Or, better still, at twenty-four hours' notice I can deliver the speech that has been sticking in my throat for three years".'

This is genuine.

'I must accept the will of God,' he writes in the moving Introduction. 'I feel a great peace of mind coming over me. I am ready for the supreme penalty. In that state nobody tells a lie. I can declare that there is not one word written in these Diaries that is not true. There is nothing exaggerated and nothing that is just the fruit of bitterness. It is all there as I saw and heard it happen.'

## Plotters Against Hitler

Why, then, did he lend himself to it so long? Why remain the instrument of a policy he hated. Why, with his King, the Army, and an overwhelming majority of the Italian people on his side, be satisfied to be the tool of a Mussolini long become the tool of Hitler?

One answer at least lies in Schlabrendorff's full narrative of what we call the July Plot, which was, in fact, a widespread conspiracy against Nazism from the moment that it came into power. Ciano collaborated, Schlabrendorff resisted, a system they knew was evil. Neither man, neither course, could save their country or themselves. It is heartrending to read about von Schlabrendorff's visit to Winston Churchill in 1939, when he unfolded, in the presence of leading Englishmen, the details of the German military plot to overthrow the Nazi Government and save the peoples of Europe from a second World War. From that moment until the end of Germany and themselves, this band of brave men, interpreting what may, after all, have been the will of the majority of Germans, marched recklessly from disaster to disaster. We see their leader, Admiral von Canaris, Chief of Naval Intelligence, carefully sounding his men and placing them at key posts. We see the author's own chief, von Treschkow, screwing up General von Kluge to surround Smolensk Headquarters with a reliable cavalry regiment to seize the Führer's person on his

projected visit to the Eastern Front in the spring of 1943.

But the visit is deferred, like that other visit to an Army Headquarters on the Rhine in 1940 when General von Hartmann had planned to arrest the Führer. And with every day's delay, Kluge's resolution ebbs till the regiment is sent away and Schlabrendorff is left to execute, single-handed, the wild project of blowing up Hitler in his plane with bombs disguised as bottles of brandy.

## Drawing the Moral

But no sooner does the project miscarry than the plotters embark on another. Hitler will not come to them, so they must somehow get to Hitler. But by now their 'secret' is out. Himmler knows all about them and tells Canaris that he will make an end of 'men like you and Goerdeler (the Prime Minister designate) and von Beck'. But Himmler, too, is sitting on the fence. And when Count von Stauffenburg, a Royalist known for his anti-Nazi sentiments, an officer badly wounded in North Africa, applies for various posts that will bring him in contact with the leader he is so anxious to destroy, one senior officer after another turns down his request with shouts of laughter. One gets the impression that, by the end of 1943, practically every senior officer knew what was in the wind and that most wished the project well. Otherwise how could 'Action Valkyrie', which provided for the wholesale arrest of the Nazi hierarchy in Berlin and the disarming of the S.S. in the capital by the Artillery School the moment Hitler was killed, have been mounted on such a scale? But this majority neither furthered, frustrated nor betrayed. They just sat and waited. And so the Generals, with the people and the officers' corps on their side, were as helpless as was Count Ciano with King, Pope, and people on his side. The Germans tried. The Italians never tried. The upshot was equally disastrous. Why?

In the answer lies the moral, the vital importance to ourselves and to posterity, of these two books whose publication in this country has been so long delayed.

As soon as the totalitarian machine has inserted itself into the life of a people, the fight for Liberty has been lost. By the time its objectionable features have been disclosed, it is already too late to strike. It was Cromwell, the first of these totalitarians (for whom, by the way, Hitler conceived a fervent admiration), who remarked that he cared not whether nine men out of ten in England were ranged against him so long as the sword was in the tenth man's hand.

It need not be a sword. A coloured form, backed by a ministerial order outside the competence of the Courts, will serve well enough. And once the system has got executive control, there will always be men and women enough in the key posts who have a vested interest in perpetuating the order of things on which their jobs depend, to ensure that any effort to upset them will, short of a national or an international disaster, be doomed to failure. In time, of course, totalitarianism is bound to kill itself because the people on whom it is imposed will wither away into that obscurity and mediocrity inseparable from the destruction of free speech and independent thought. But that is a biological process far too slow to save. Meantime the people's feet are set upon the road to serfdom. The particular brands of totalitarianism that Ciano and Schlabrendorff describe were distinguished from the outset by cruelty and by injustice. But there can be other totalitarianisms that are neither cruel nor unjust, at least in their beginnings. Perhaps these are the most insidious because they are the least easily perceived. They can be accepted by any tired people. That is why all peoples must be grateful to these two writers who suffered so much to warn us that the price of freedom is eternal vigilance and that peoples who would not be destroyed must be alert and active long before that moment when their Schlabrendorffs strike too late and their Cianos fear to strike at all.

# The Experimental Theatres

PATRICK GIBBS

THE Theatre between the two wars was notoriously susceptible to outside influences. Slumps on the Stock Exchange produced reactions at the box-office; an unusually fine summer and theatres were deserted; every political crisis meant a falling-off in business. Seldom, however, can the London Theatre have been so greatly influenced by external events as it was by the cold weather and consequent fuel crisis which occurred in February and March.

The Theatre at that critical time happened to be in a state of transition. The indiscriminate popularity which it had enjoyed during the war years was showing distinct signs of ending: support for the future was beginning to appear less assured. Seats could often be found in theatres at short notice; the runs of plays were becoming less exhausting; and the queue of new productions, which in the war years were always to be found touring provincial towns awaiting the vacancy of a West End theatre, had been gradually reduced.

The transition would, no doubt, have been slow and imperceptible but for the vagaries of the weather. A change which might have taken six months to become apparent occurred within six weeks. Plays, either originally weak or nearing the end of a long run, were withdrawn from lack of support; and holders of theatre leases, who during the war might have had their choice of half-a-dozen finished productions waiting in the provincial queue, found themselves looking for plays.

The need was momentary, the result a stroke of fortune, but it was an opportunity for the experimental theatres to be found in the outlying districts of London.

EILEEN HERLIE, *in her successful rôle as the Queen, in 'The Eagle has Two Heads' by Jean Cocteau*

They were able to provide some half-dozen new productions to fill the gap. Plays were transferred from the Embassy, Swiss Cottage, the New Lindsey and from the Boltons Theatre. This occurrence draws attention to the work of these theatres in the past and arouses speculation as to their future.

The oldest established is the Embassy, which reopened after a wartime closure under the management of Anthony Hawtrey in February 1945. As at most experimental theatres, plays are put on for runs of three weeks' duration. The theatre, with a capacity of 670, is not a club, and so

FREDA JACKSON, *in Joan Temple's gripping play of wartime evacuation, 'No Room at the Inn', at the Winter Garden Theatre*

seats may be bought by the public. The producing company is a non-profit-making organisation associated with the Arts Council; the board of directors, whom Mr. Hawtrey represents, includes Val Gielgud ,Sir Lewis Casson, Clemence Dane and Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe.

Of the thirty new plays produced it is difficult to realise that no less than nine have been transferred to the West End: fine tribute to Mr. Hawtrey's judgment and casting. In 'No Room at the Inn' he found perhaps the most moving play of the war years and made a reputation for Freda Jackson. In 'Worm's Eye View' he gave London a riotous comedy in which Ronald Shiner, the Cockney comedian, was admirably cast.

His task, Mr. Hawtrey told me, was far from easy in the months following the end of the war in Europe. A West End theatre for a play, however deserving, was all but unobtainable. 'No Room at the Inn', presented at the Embassy in June 1945, did not reach the Winter Garden until May of the following year; nor was it possible to find a provincial theatre for this play in the interval, for more than three weeks. Under those circumstances it was fortunate that the cast could be kept together until a London theatre was found.

Now, finding a theatre is, at least temporarily, less difficult: the problem may be to find an audience. Mr. Hawtrey, however, is optimistic, and has some ambitious plans. His company has taken a lease of the Grand Theatre, Croydon, seating 1,200, and established a Repertory Company there. Productions destined for the Embassy play for one week at Croydon before being seen at Swiss Cottage. In four weeks, therefore, Croydon sees two Embassy productions, and two by the Repertory Company, this being large enough to present plays in successive weeks without actors having to rehearse one part while playing another.

Embassy productions, for which the scenery is built in the Croydon Theatre, each cost some £200–300, but Mr. Hawtrey told me that it is possible to cover expenses in the four weeks' run. It is, as a

JILL BENNETT *as Kitty,* JONATHAN MACKWOOD *as Roberts, and* DAVID DUNCAN *as Officer Jackson, in 'Now Barabbas', at the Vaudeville Theatre*

general rule, unusual for a production at such a theatre to pay its expenses: compensation is looked for in the West End when a play is transferred. Arrangements made between the producing theatre and another management for the transfer of a play vary, but the original producers will usually see a percentage of the takings and perhaps something of the profits, too, against which they may balance the losses on their less successful ventures.

Still, Mr. Hawtrey would like his company to have the lease of a theatre, in fact two theatres—one small and one medium sized—in the West End, to which he could transfer Embassy plays at will. He would like to run a repertory of new plays at these theatres, adding plays from Swiss Cottage in accordance with demand. This idea, interesting though it is, appears to me unpractical, for the financial arrangements for a number of companies playing in the same theatre on different nights are surely unlikely to be economical. In finding sufficient new plays Mr. Hawtrey declares there is no difficulty. An average of sixty plays a week come to Swiss Cottage to be read, of which two or three may be possible productions.

The Lyric, Hammersmith, opening as an experimental theatre in October 1945, is run by the Company of Four, is also non-profit-making and associated with the Arts Council. Here, however, there is already that link with the West End Theatre which Anthony Hawtrey hopes to forge, for Hugh Beaumont, of H.M. Tennent Ltd., is a partner in the company. The Lyric, rather larger than the Embassy, is also open to the general public. Plays run for three weeks and previously make a short provincial tour, visiting Cambridge, Cardiff, Brighton and one other town. Productions, I am told, may cost £800 or more, but with good audiences on tour and at Hammersmith it is not impossible to recover this sum. Seventeen plays have been presented, the majority new. The most notable production has been 'The Eagle has Two Heads' from the French of Jean Cocteau, which is now playing in the West End; and the most interesting

discovery is undoubtedly the actress Eileen Herlie, who after appearing in three plays at the Lyric, made a great success as Cocteau's romantic heroine. The only other transfer has been a revival of Robertson's 'Caste', which failed to survive the cold weather at the Duke of York's.

Although transfers have been infrequent from the Lyric, productions have been interesting. The management's object is not to find 'commercial' plays, but to present deserving plays that might not otherwise be seen, and to encourage new talent. This object, to my mind, has been kept well in view. 'The Brothers Karamazov' with Frederick Valk was a memorable production; and I remember with delight plays by Thornton Wilder and William Saroyan that I might not otherwise have had an opportunity of seeing. Peter Ashmore, whom London first saw at the Lyric, is a producer of promise; Irene Worth an actress to be watched; and Anthony Holland, whose work at Hammersmith resulted in his making the *décor* for 'Lady Frederick', a designer of ability.

The New Lindsey and Boltons Theatres differ in that they are clubs, admitting only members, who pay a nominal fee, to performances. This arrangement has the advantage that plays need not be submitted to the censor. The Lindsey, with its seating for 170, opened in April 1946, and now has 7,000 members. Ten plays have been presented, three of which have gone to the West End. Among them was that much discussed 'Pick-Up Girl', which had a successful run and brought into prominence its producer, Peter Cotes. Other transfers have been the Russo-American allegory, 'Caviar to the General', with Eugenie Leontovitch, and 'Power without Glory' by the twenty-six-year-old playwright, Michael Clayton Hutton. Frederick Piffard directs the artistic policy of the Lindsey.

A similar-sized theatre, the Boltons, opened in January of this year; John Wyse, its director, had the good fortune to find for his second production a play much esteemed by the critics—William Douglas Home's 'Now Barabbas', which was transferred to the Vaudeville to fill a vacancy caused by the cold spell.

To this list of theatres which look for new plays and new talent can be added the 'Q' at Kew Bridge. Jack de Leon, its director, presents a different play each week, and has given a week's trial to several plays that have afterwards been successfully transferred, often under his own management. Here, however, the policy is to interest a local public, and the finding of new plays a secondary objective. The long-running 'Shop at Sly Corner' and 'This was a Woman' were plays first seen at the 'Q' which were afterwards successful in London theatres.

Soon the experimental theatres will receive a notable addition. Norman Marshall, the producer, who made the Gate Theatre Club so successful before the war, is to direct policy at the Arts Theatre, in the heart of the West End, for one year from 30 April. In this venture the Arts Council are also associated. Mr. Marshall, with whom I discussed the project, discovered many fine plays and much new talent during his management of the Gate. 'Victoria Regina', 'Parnell' and 'Of Mice and Men', were but a few.

Under Alec Clunes' direction the Arts Theatre Club pursued an outstandingly successful policy of reviving the classics, and the membership rose to 20,000. Now the majority of plays presented will be new: 'not necessarily plays with commercial possibilities,' Mr. Marshall said, but 'plays that interest me.' I look on the future of the Arts with great expectations aroused by many exciting evenings at the Gate. Mr. Marshall intends to produce himself, as a rule, and to run plays for four weeks. His first play will be François Mauriac's 'Les Mal Aimées', translated by Sir Basil Bartlett, with the title of 'Less than Kind'.

Such, then, is the bare outline of the experimental theatre field: half a dozen managers looking for new plays, new talent; presenting between them more than 100 plays in a year. And still authors complain that their work remains unseen!

## GEORGE ELIOT'S

# ADAM BEDE

REVIEWED BY WALTER PARKER

To understand fully *Adam Bede*, one must consider particulars of the author's life, together with her unusual temperament, the book being largely autobiographical.

Mary Ann Evans, George Eliot's real name, was born on a Warwickshire farm in 1819, where at the age of five she read everything from the Bible to Defoe's *History of the Devil*! At school she was completely spoilt on account of her amazing cleverness and wide range of general knowledge. In 1841 Marian, as she was called, left the country to live alone with her father, Robert Evans, in Coventry, where she met a cultivated and refined family who took the clever but forlorn girl to their hearts and thus satisfied the need for family affection and real companionship.

In 1851 an article by Marian appeared in the *Westminster Review*, the editor of which, Mr. Chapman, was so impressed by her general knowledge and astonishing grip of philosophical subjects that he asked her to be sub-editor and live with him and his wife at their home in the Strand. She accepted the offer and London became her home until 1854. Her most intimate friend during her first year in London was Herbert Spencer, the philosopher, who, although a man of cold temperament and ultra-critical mind, was greatly attracted by the womanly side of Marian. Besides writing: 'I am frequently at Chapman's, and the greatness of her intellect conjoined with her womanly qualities and manner generally keep me at her side most of the evening', he took her to concerts; they went daily walks together; they sang together, and generally comported themselves as an about-to-be-engaged couple. But Spencer contradicted reports about them and told friends that his mind and Marian's were 'set on things higher than love in its concrete form.' Then he suddenly cooled off!

Soon after entering the Chapman household Marian met Lewes, to whom she was to give the best part of her life. At first she did *not* like him; considered him a man of light and uncertain mind; in fact, one who reverenced nothing. Under this frolic and gaiety Lewes hid his real feelings; his life was sad, his wife having deserted him for his dearest friend, and left him to bring up three boys. Their friendship daily grew closer, and in April, 1853, she wrote: 'People are very good to me. Mr. Lewes especially is kind and attentive, and has quite won my regard after having had a good deal of my vituperation. Like a few other people in the world, he is better than he seems. A man of heart and conscience, wearing a mask of flippancy.'

During 1853 and the early part of 1854 their intimacy grew, and upon recognition of their love for one another she resigned her position on the *Westminster Review*, and they bravely faced the difficulties of the situation. Lewes had his sons to provide for and, in addition, he felt it his duty to continue to support his wife. Marian considered all aspects of the business: possible loss of her friends and position; she even sought out the erring wife and inquired if there were the slightest chance of her returning to her husband. Mrs. Lewes stated emphatically that in no circumstances did she desire further intercourse with the man she had wronged. That decided Marian; she hesitated no longer to join her life with that of the man

GEORGE ELIOT, 1819–1880, *after the portrait by Sir Frederick Burton*

she loved, under the peculiar conditions forced upon them through the law's inability to grant Lewes a divorce. The die was cast and on 20 July came the oft-quoted letter to her Coventry friends:

'Dear Friends—all three:

I have only time to say good-bye and God bless you. Poste Restante, Weimar, for the next six weeks, and afterwards Berlin. Ever your loving and grateful Marian.'

Marian was convinced that time would prove that no union of hearts and lives under legal conditions was ever more sacred and complete than theirs. Her prognostication was correct: their permanent devotion to each other, their loving and entirely happy domestic life, the gratitude of Lewes's sons for the motherly care by their 'dearest little *Mütterchen*' throughout the next twenty-five years surely showed justification for her action.

George Lewes, a critic of peculiar insight, realised that Marian Lewes—as she henceforth insisted on being styled—was a profound thinker upon philosophical subjects, she possessed still greater powers, and he put it to her that she could become a leading imaginative writer. In 1856, Marian happened to have with her in Berlin the MS. of the only thing she had written in the fiction line. 'Something led her to read it to George. He was struck by it and suggested the possibility of her being able to write a novel, though he distrusted—indeed disbelieved in—my possession of any dramatic power.' He persuaded her to write a story, but it was not until she had actually written part of *Amos Barton* and read it aloud to him that he acknowledged her possession of more than a certain ability for description and power to describe humorous dialogue.

That was the first result of Marian's association with Lewes: the old despondency and loneliness had left her for ever; her work, as well as her play, had been shared for two happy years by one capable of drawing her out by his criticism and sympathy. They lived together in perfect harmony until Lewes's death in 1879.

The first part of *Adam Bede* was written in the winter of 1857, and the second part was written at Munich, the third being completed at Richmond. When recording in her journal the dates of writing each volume she gives interesting details of the inception of the book: it was suggested by an anecdote of her aunt, Mrs. Samuel Evans, the Methodist preacher, concerning a girl hanged for child-murder, with whom Mrs. Evans passed the night in prayer, induced her to confess and accompanied her in the cart to the place of execution. In the story Mrs. Evans appeared as Dinah Morris; the child-murder suggested the seducer, Arthur Donnithorne; the true lover, Adam Bede, the model for whom was her father. These points settled, the general situation is defined and its development follows simply and naturally. The world of *Adam Bede* is clearly that of Marian's early years, harmonised by loving memories.

The book, a story of nature and the soil, is cruel and sad, but a description of life as its author had found it; Marian paid off nature's treatment of herself: she, who she herself says was 'ugly and physically

unattractive', punishing Hetty Sorrel for her beauty and charm, Hetty's dainty flesh suffering for what Marian had failed to enjoy. Again is her own life portrayed in that of Hetty: in her own life she deliberately 'broke all the pledges made and implied for her by her parentage and education', and to her surprise found herself *not* persecuted, miserable, punished, but richer, better, happier, and in every way more comfortable and more content; but her remorse was evidenced in her heroine, Hetty Sorrel, receiving what Marian Lewes believed to be her due.

Many years before the novel was written Marian had cast off Evangelical beliefs; so it is natural that she should take a Methodist preacher as the centre of interest: 'Methodism,' she says in the opening of *Adam Bede*, 'was a rudimentary culture for the simple peasantry; it linked their souls with the past, and suffused them with the sense of a pitying, loving, infinite presence, sweet as summer to the houseless needy.' She found her ideal heroine in one of Methodism's charming, but typical, representatives—Dinah Morris—who, in the author's view, is the chief interest of the story. Her sermon at the opening strikes the keynote, and we have to share the impression it makes on Seth Bede, 'she's too good and holy for any man, let alone me.' It was strange, said Marian, that people should fancy she had 'copied' Dinah Morris's sermons and prayers, when really they were 'written with hot tears as they surged up in her own mind.'

The prison scene, which the author intended to be the climax, shows Dinah Morris interviewing poor little Hetty Sorrel, convicted of murder and expecting to be hanged the next day, to persuade her to confess her guilt ere she went to her Maker. Then the interest switches to the pathetic criminal, who moves us to the core as she falteringly relates her wanderings in search of her seducer. Ultimately Hetty is transported to Botany Bay; we are introduced to another love-affair—we discover that the saintly Dinah is not above marrying—and Adam Bede,

GEORGE ELIOT, *in later life*

up to that time passionately in love with Hetty, shows his common sense in realising the merits of her antithesis! So tragedy is brushed aside, its unpleasant results forgotten, and all ends happily.

*Adam Bede* was published by Blackwood, in three volumes, in 1859; and rapidly became a 'best seller'; seventeen editions and 16,000 copies were sold during the first year; Blackwood, who had already given Marian £800 for the copyright, sent another cheque for that amount, returned the copyright, and offered £2,000 for her next novel. Within a couple of months the book was quoted in the House of Commons; it became the book of the year; was translated into French and German. It placed its gifted author in the first rank of Victorian novelists; Dickens begged for a novel for his magazine *Household Words*; Charles Reade declared that '*Adam Bede* was the finest thing since Shakespeare'; while Mrs. Gaskell said: 'I have never read anything so complete and beautiful in fiction in my life before.'

Marian Lewes asks herself in her famous journal: 'Shall I ever write another book as true as *Adam Bede*?' She never did, and it remains to us as the memento of a courageous, forceful, and extraordinary woman.

## Progress or Retrogression?

WERE it not for the deeply grounded belief that the affairs of this world progress even when they seem to retrogress, the heading of this section of the *Review* this month should be called the retrogression, not the progress of the world. For retrogression undoubtedly it is, however wisely it may be over-ruled for good, that at this moment the Turkish army should have driven the Greeks in headlong flight, not only from the province of Epirus, which they had attempted to seize, but even from Thessaly, which had been in their undisputed possession for nearly twenty years. It is bad news, and it only makes bad worse to reflect how large a share is due to those blatant sympathisers with Greece who impelled her into a conflict, which, as the result shows, she was utterly incompetent to sustain. So far, fortunately, the Turkish troops seem to have been kept well in hand, and their advance into the Greek provinces does not appear to have been accompanied by the usual atrocities with which the victorious Ottoman usually strikes terror into the hearts of his victims. Loud cries are being raised, especially by those whose reckless folly lured the Greeks to their doom, that England should at once make Europe intervene between the victors and the vanquished. To this the answer is that England by herself cannot make Europe intervene, and she can only intervene herself, single-handed, by arraying on the side of the Turk those Powers which already regard her action with unconcealed suspicion.

TURKEY: *'I am certainly unwell, but I shall by no means permit myself to be dissected.'* *From* Der Floh

> Those who in quarrels interpose
> Must oft expect a bloody nose.

And the attitude of the European Powers in refusing to intervene when only requested to do so by one of the combatants, is perfectly intelligible. All this trouble has arisen because Greece refuses to recognise the authority of the European Areopagus. Until Greece is sufficiently awakened to the reality of things to invoke the authority which she has despised, there is nothing for it but to wait.

## The Austrian Emperor at St. Petersburg

The chief international event of last month has been the visit paid by the Austrian Emperor to the Russian Tsar. The speeches were very cordial, and the visit, as well as the utterances which it has prompted in the official press and at the Imperial banquets, is that Austria and Russia are drawing more closely together in view of the increased pressure of the Eastern crisis. That is natural and as it should be. Instead of deprecating the Austro-Russian understanding, it ought to be promoted by England in every possible way. For it must never be forgotten that the bloodshed of 1876-77-78 dates directly from the break-up of the Three Emperors' Alliance, which was due to England's rejection of the Berlin Memorandum, because it pointed unmistakably to the coercion of the Turk. Austria and Russia are the Powers most vitally interested in the disposition of the possessions of the Sick Man, and true statesmanship on the part of Britain would lead our Foreign Minister sedulously to promote a good understanding between them. Apart from other reasons which appeal to the public conscience, there is the very practical consideration that if we aspire to play the part of a marplot, it is by no means impossible the *rapprochement* may take place in spite of us, with its objective the isolation of England rather than the liquidation of Turkey.

## A Lost Opportunity

It is to be regretted that the Duke of Norfolk, for all his high descent and historic position, should have failed so signally in imagination as not to seize the opportunity of this record year to establish penny postage throughout Greater Britain. What is the use of being fifteenth Duke of Norfolk, premier duke and earl, and hereditary Earl Marshal and Chief Butler of England, if he cannot on occasion face the lions in his path, and protest, if need be by resignation, against the sacrifice of so great an opportunity of demonstrating the Imperial mission of the department over which he presides?

## The Indian Government and Vice in the Army

Just as we were going to press last month appeared the letter which Lord George Hamilton, as Secretary for India, addressed to the Indian Government, with proposals which it is hoped will diminish the prevalence of venereal disease among the British troops in the East. The importance of this despatch lies chiefly in the first part of the eleventh clause, which runs as follows:

Your Excellency will, I am confident, concur with Her Majesty's Government that in any measures there must be nothing that can be represented as an encouragement of vice. There must be no provision of women for the use of soldiers by any authority. There must be no registration of prostitutes other than that which is, or should be, enforced for all inhabitants of cantonments, and no granting of licences to practise prostitution. There must be no compulsory and periodical examination of women. Prostitutes must not be allowed to reside in regimental bazaars, or to accompany regiments on the march.

## A Russo-English Alliance

The Russian alliance is worth paying a great price for, and Mr. Durban is quite willing to pay the price of Constantinople tomorrow if anything could be bought thereby; but he recognises that the popular sentiment in Russia would raise insuperable obstacles to any attempt to buy French support by ceding Syria and the holy places of the Holy Land to France and the Latin Church.—*Comment on 'Russia As It Is' by W. Durban.*

## Spain

I believe it will be necessary for Spain, in case the projected canal should be carried to a successful conclusion, to fortify her possessions in the West Indies and to maintain such a fleet in those waters as will neutralise to some extent the control of the canal by the United States. I cannot, however, bring myself to believe that Europe will ever consent to such exclusive ownership; on the contrary, I think they will, with every show of justice, offer it their strenuous opposition. Even the Latin nations of the American continent, who now understand the full significance of the Monroe Doctrine, will probably oppose it as the upas tree of their independence. The degree of influence or control to be possessed by the U.S.A. over the Nicaragua Canal must depend upon the concurrence of various nations, but Spain as the owner of Cuba must at all times exercise a powerful influence in the Gulf of Mexico.—Captain Sobral, Naval Attaché at Washington, in *North American Review.*

## 'Ouida' on the Italian Elections

'Ouida', writing on the 'Twentieth Italian Parliament', makes no effort to conceal her bitter disappointment. She would have liked to have had the head of Crispi upon a charger, and Crispi has been returned once more to take his seat in the new Parliament, and Rudini makes open overtures to Sonnino. 'Ouida's' heart is so sore that she cannot even swear with her usual extreme vigour. Instead of the usual anathemas, we have only this mild lament over Rudini's failure to come up to her standard:

The country respects him, but it was ready to do more than this; if it do not do more now the fault is his. He has lost the love of a nation for the sake of a smile at the Quirinal. Last spring one of the finest opportunities which ever occurred for great action was offered by the course of events and the disposition of the people: there was no one capable of taking advantage of either of these. The time for such action has now passed; the anvil is now cold—when it was hot no one was strong enough to lift the hammer and strike.

MARCH ROUND, GENTLEMEN, MARCH ROUND.
*Peace! Peace! Peace!*
*Ah! The funny Guardians of the Peace!*
From *La Silhouette*

# New Books

## GERMAN YOUTH: BOND OR FREE

By Howard Becker, Professor of Sociology in the University of Wisconsin.
*Kegan Paul-Routledge.* 18s.

It is humiliating for one long an adult to have to admit that one of the great formative movements of our time began and long continued as a league of boys between the ages of twelve and sixteen who thought a person of eighteen was an old man who ought to retire from active life. Yet nevertheless this is so.

In a suburb of Berlin, in the eighteen-nineties, there came together a small group of grammar school boys who, from a class in shorthand, graduated to wandering in the open air. Under the leadership of Karl Fischer, they began to adopt a distinctive costume, to resurrect forgotten musical instruments and folksongs, and to live, as they wandered, by a kind of primitive communism, rejecting all bourgeois values and standards in favour of a bowl of potato soup and a bed in the straw.

They felt a fanatical hatred for 'the institutions of this life and time' and placed responsibility for the society they rejected upon 'grown-ups'. In the declaration which they made when they met upon Hohe Meissner mountain in 1913 they said: 'We determine to fashion our lives in obedience to our own conscience, accepting the burden of our own responsibility: we are determined to maintain this freedom under all circumstances.'

The Wandervogel and its imitators grew rapidly and in the post-1918 world its values became the accepted canon for all bands, leagues and movements of youth, whether freely run by young people or under adult inspiration.

Many commentators have said that no vital young person in Germany in the period after the first World War could escape their influence, and E. Y. Hartshorne, Otto Strasser and many others have written of the organic connection between the rise of the German youth leagues and the rise of National Socialism. And Becker quotes, among other writings, those of a young Englishman who had identified himself with the Leagues over twenty years ago:

'Leaders. Leadership, that is our need, and obedience, and great wordless activity . . . We must waste no more effort on discussion and controversy . . . The discussion can be left to the leaders round the council fires . . . The new religion must be inarticulate . . . convictions should be sealed in the dark . . .

'I believe . . . in the wheel of the stars and the rhythmic cycles of birth and death and of the seasons, which preserve the exquisite freshness of life from ever staling . . . I want the fight and man naked and unashamed, with his sword in his hand, and behind, the stars sweeping westward, and before, the wind in the grass. It is enough, Brothers. Action! The word is spoken.'

Howard Becker comments: 'Such lust for action for its own sake, coupled with fanatically tinged devotion to the leader, is approached in recent times only by a handful of followers of Mussolini and Hitler.' It would be too much to speak of the identity of the Youth Movement and Hitlerism; nevertheless the Youth Movement helped to prepare the Germany which Hitler was to conquer.

In the course of his analysis of this fascinating stream in German history, Howard Becker has got together much interesting material, some of it clearly out of direct personal experience.

Alas! he is full of the most baffling stylistic tricks which prevent him from ever giving us even the simple narrative of events without which his own comments cannot be understood. The beginning and the end introduce imaginary characters, for example, who explain themselves in monologues.

It is good to see that this movement, so neglected by historians, is now treated seriously by sociologists, and though this is not the classic account one has been hoping to see, it is nevertheless a valuable contribution to the scant literature on the subject.

LESLIE PAUL

**THE COLONIAL OFFICE FROM WITHIN**

By Sir Cosmo Parkinson. *Faber & Faber.* 8s. 6d.

'That morgue', Mr. Harold Macmillan's friends called it. Sir Cosmo does not leave us waiting in the corridor very long, and is soon introducing us to the occupants of the many offices. They seem surprisingly active and human. Meeting them will do much to enlighten the ignorant critic and, what is more important, disillusion the misguided.

In form, this book is not altogether satisfactory. Sir Cosmo's reminiscences are delightful, charged with a whimsical sense of the ridiculous but occasionally marred by lapses into a Chairman's vote of thanks to all who have helped so splendidly. By way of contrast, the passages on organisation are informative and often constructive, but where the author pulls back a curtain to reveal a controversial subject (and he pulls back a great many), he has a rather irritating habit of rushing us off to look at another before we have even discussed the first.

And they certainly deserve a closer scrutiny. The merging of 'Defence' into the 'General' Department, the liquidation of the Far Eastern Department and the responsibility for Palestine are but a few of the many subjects which Sir Cosmo raises but upon which he remains reticent. Sir Warren Fisher's name appears on several pages, though not, strangely enough, on page 95 where we read: 'The Treasury is a law unto itself, moreover, the Secretary to the Treasury is Head of the Civil Service (it always seems a pity that the file, on which so important a decision was taken, has been lost).' This exhumes an old bone, but Sir Cosmo's teeth-marks are not so discernible upon it as those of the Group of Conservatives who recently published their proposals for Constitutional Reform.

Many changes are recorded in this book, with a convincing ring of personal experience about them. The day is visualised when the Colonial Office, in a new home, becomes the 'poor dependant of its own offspring, the Dominions Office'. Those who have read Schuyler's *The Fall of the Old Colonial System* in the light of recent events may well wonder whether it will be quite so far ahead as Sir Cosmo imagines.

The chapters about organisation should be read by all Civil Servants and Local Government Officers. Sir Cosmo's authoritative advice and that of others whom he quotes is particularly apt today. 'I am strongly of the opinion,' said a former Principal Clerk in the Colonial Office, 'that the present system is productive of many evils, not the least of which is the fact that it fosters and encourages an intellectual arrogance among the junior clerks . . .'

The Parkinson table provides a meal of condensed food for thought, but in place of the savoury we are offered the *apéritif* for another and more leisurely repast. It is to be hoped that 'in due course' (whatever that time-worn officialese expression may mean) we shall have the diaries of his tours in the Empire 'for conson'. Sir Cosmo was advised, on joining the Civil Service, to minute according to his conscience. His conscience must be a happy one.

A subject index and at least one map are the two main omissions from this crowded book, which could be rectified in later editions.

H. LEGGE-BOURKE

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But perhaps the clearest revelation of Scott's character is to be found in some of his own 'leaders'. The book's selection includes his famous 'Comment is free, but facts are sacred' leader, written in May 1921. In this Scott wrote that neither in the gathering nor the presentation of news 'must the unclouded face of truth suffer wrong.'

In a sense this was the keynote of his life—eternal vigilance to ensure that in all things truth should come first.

JOHN NIVEN

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*MACMILLAN*

## YEARS OF CRISIS

By Kenneth Ingram. *Allen & Unwin.* 21s.

An outline of international history from 1919–1945, as this stout volume purports to be, is an undertaking as tempting to an author as it is challenging to the contemporary reader. But Mr. Ingram is wisely aware that the risk of judgment must be great when only a few years have elapsed since the end of a crisis which shook the whole world. His earnest desire to avoid finality of opinion is best expressed in his conviction that 'there is no finality in history.' What he supplies, then, is a sequence of facts and factual trends which characterised the period between the two wars and the years of the second World War.

He contents himself in the main parts of his book with the rôle of a detached, yet vigilant and careful recorder. In this he is most successful where he deals with historical and political events and tendencies, with characteristics of personalities and, in later parts, with strategic issues. Where the facts are less clearly discernible and where they would require a more specialised analysis as in the chapter on 'The World Slump and its Consequences', he is obviously on very much less safe ground. Yet the question—how far the post-war settlement of, and the economic nationalism after, 1919 laid the foundation to repercussions which were liable to involve sooner or later the major countries in a common economic *débâcle*—should have been one of the more important issues of the book and not have been treated as a more or less accidental side-development. This the author should have considered as even more urgent, as at the end of the book he cannot, after all, avoid the temptation to draw some conclusions and make some suggestions of a far-reaching nature. He contends that the focal cause of the two wars should be sought in the fact that the outstanding feature of our present society is that it has been based on the design of endowing a minority of individuals with the ownership of wealth, the land, the raw materials and the machines designed to exploit and distribute these riches. Rival private enterprise, nowadays largely represented by combines, but still competitive, has been accompanied by 'rival nationalisms'—a type of development which, in the author's opinion, must result in regular outbursts of war. The solution, in his view, should be a reconstruction of society on 'equalitarian' principles. It is not altogether satisfactory that a book which can be praised as a useful guide through the political history of the twenty-six years should at the end become saddled with perspectives for which its historical contents do not offer any justification; for rival nationalism can be abated by more sensible methods than those which Mr. Ingram has in mind.

HERMANN LEVY

## CHINA MOULDED BY CONFUCIUS

By F. T. Cheng. *Stevens.* 18s.

This book, one of a series published under the auspices of the London Institute of World Affairs, is by the Chinese Ambassador to London: its purpose, to reveal, for a better understanding between East and West, some of the ideas and ideals that have influenced his countrymen for the past two thousand years or more. Or, as the author puts it, 'to try to give a glimpse of the soul of my country and, incidentally, to explain certain institutions, customs, and aspects of life.' Recalling the size of China, and its long history, this sounds a tall order; but it is simplified by the fact that, as Dr. Cheng's title announces, the teachings of Confucius, and of his most brilliant disciple, Mencius, have had a tremendous influence on the Chinese character. It is, therefore, by quoting many outstanding passages from their writings and others of the Confucius school (the philosopher himself left no written records), and by adding his own lucid and helpful commentary, that Dr. Cheng achieves his purpose.

Confucius, who was born about 550 B.C., claimed no divine revelation, even declining to be ranked as a sage, but his teachings on the fundamental problems and conduct of life, later collected in the *Analects*, have for the Chinese the significance of our Scriptural writings. There is a tendency among Western thinkers to deprecate the value of the *Analects* as being more concerned with temporal than spiritual values. But Confucianism teaches benevolence, righteousness, propriety and sincerity; and—as Dr. Cheng points out, not only from the pulpit—expounded the Golden Rule some five hundred years before the birth of Christ. It may be termed a 'way of life' rather than a religion as we understand the word, but as such it reaches the heights.

There is a great temptation to quote from the distilled wisdom in this book, but space will not allow. As an introduction to a more comprehensive study of Chinese life and thought, this could hardly be bettered: one can only hope it will have the circulation it deserves.

RAYMOND ANDERSON

*Blaise Hamlet, Gloucestershire.* From *On Trust for the Nation*, by Clough Williams-Ellis. *Paul Elek.* 25s.

MONTGOMERY

By Alan Moorehead. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12s. 6d.

From this vivid midstream biography the figure of Monty emerges clearly and compellingly, with many of the elements of greatness. We cannot assess his true stature until the full story of the campaigns is revealed; we cannot tell how different the tide of affairs would have run had 'Strafer' Gott not been killed on his way to the Middle East in 1942. But in the meantime this book should be read. It is very good and, indeed, sometimes touches greatness. Mr. Moorehead describes the early background with considerable narrative skill—the adolescent rebellions of the bishop's son, the Sandhurst rowdy, the conscientious subaltern in India, the days in the B.E.F., where after six weeks Monty won the D.S.O., and with it a wound that kept him on the staff for the rest of the war. But the greater part of the book is rightly devoted to the war years, to the story of the great campaigns, and to Monty as a man rather than as a General.

Having spent superlatives on its candour, its verve, and its crispness, we should note the defects of Mr. Moorehead's method, defects due in part to the proximity in time of the subject. True, he avoids the conventional tailors' dummies of military biographies, with their glazed righteousness and posturing heroics—he depicts Montgomery in the round, with all his weaknesses. The frankness is refreshing, but deceptive, for Mr. Moorehead errs by an ostentatious clarity of revelation that masks the partisan. Even as he describes Monty's stonewalling staff tactics, or raps him over the knuckles for intransigence with knowing goodhumour, he is keeping the eulogy and the clipped pæan up his sleeve. And with this deliberate mask of impartiality, which is weakest in the account of the early years, Mr. Moorehead clicks into an occasional false staccato. In the study of Montgomery's character, for instance, Mr. Moorehead is sometimes superficial. In telescoping the events of the inter-war years—advisable for the general perspective of the book—he exaggerates Montgomery's rôle as rebel, as unorthodox strategist. Monty 'laughed outright' at the Camberley course in 1920, says Mr. Moorehead approvingly, but none the less he went humourlessly and without qualms to quell the Irish rebels. He may have irritated the War Office wallahs by eccentricity, but he loved the Army, and he had a passion for drill detail, for all the ritual of squarebashing. Unconventional Monty has certainly been—it was this trait that caught the public fancy and that he deliberately and wisely exploited—but never an honest-to-God rebel.

His rebellions were always personal, just as his evangelism was a personal religion, and his conception of war was of a personal feud. One of the reasons for his mythopœic function in society was that he restored to an impersonal war the sense of personality. But to the British Tommy he was, as a General, a figure remote, however respected, however less like a stuffed shirt than the others. He was a leader, and in that he had greatness. (See Mr. Moorehead's stirring story of his first forty-eight hours in the Middle East.) But both Monty and Mr. Moorehead overrate the citizen soldier's martial ardour. With his 'devotional leadership', his black and white code of values, his self-visualisation in an Old Testament part, his transferred paternalism, Monty was not a soldier of the people.

Mr. Moorehead is never pedagogic in his story of tactics, strategy or debate, and though he nurses his bias, he writes amply and well for the other side. On many points Mr. Moorehead does establish Monty's greatness, and answers many of the canards put out by less talented and less honest soldiers and politicians. But his career is not yet ended. I wish that Mr. Moorehead had analysed the myth of the non-political soldier. Can a Field-Marshal be neutral?

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By Denis Saurat. *Dent.* 12s. 6d.

The title of Professor Saurat's book suggests an exhaustive survey of the literature of the Third Republic, but it contains no more than 140 pages, and the catalogue of writers mentioned, albeit a long one, has many significant omissions. The author evidently failed to decide, before sitting down to write the book, precisely what its aim and scope should be; and the result is a chaotic medley of names, facts, theories and generalisations, all highly coloured by personal prejudice.

Professor Saurat is first of all at pains to put across a pet theory of his regarding the nature of the development of French literature. He sees it as a process of 'denudation of the soul' accompanied by a search for 'a firm basis on which to build': the seventeenth century rejects the chaotic exuberance of the Renaissance; the eighteenth destroys religion; the Romantics throw reason overboard, and their successors, led by Mallarmé and then Proust on the one hand, and Zola ('the Mallarmé of the mob') on the other, get rid of everything else—the self, the intellect, the emotions—leaving nothing but pure sensation, 'the actual impact on our senses, hearing, sight, or the heart; not the feelings or the ideas aroused by this impact.' So that the modern period appears as 'so far the ultimate phase in the process' —though, as Professor Saurat goes on to observe, 'it cannot be said that the basis has been found; perhaps that search is in itself a delusion.'

This argument, having been stated, is not developed with any degree of clarity or conviction; it becomes submerged in a series of loosely connected comments on individual writers and on such general questions—interesting in themselves but irrelevant to the main thesis outlined above—as the 'industrialisation' of the novel, the influence of politics on French literature, the downfall of the theatre, etc.

Professor Saurat is never dull (at times one almost wishes that he were, for his brightness is apt to pall), and among much in these pages which is arbitrary, superficial and sometimes even silly, there is some shrewd and penetrating criticism.

He is excellent on Proust, for whom he makes out a good case to be considered the greatest French novelist after Balzac, on Valéry ('Mallarmé made into success'), on Barrès and on Loti, though the last named hardly deserves a chapter to himself in a book which dismisses Maupassant in a third of a page with epithets like 'comic' and 'merely boring'.

Too often are Professor Saurat's verdicts thus hasty and arrogant; and in some cases they are self-contradictory. His use of English is versatile but capricious: in affecting cleverness, he sometimes succeeds in being merely slipshod. On page 109, for example, he tells us that *L'Imposture* of Bernanos is 'not unlike Duhamel's *Salavin* in its capacity for soul revelation, though totally unlike'—a remark which, assuming it is intended to mean anything at all, is rather clumsily put.

Yet, for all this, the book has its stimulating moments, and will be read with a mixture of pleasure and rage by those who possess some knowledge of the subject. Others will be better advised to give it a miss and wait for the more thoughtful, objective and finished work which Professor Saurat, one hopes, will one day write.

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## FOREIGN MUD

By Maurice Collis. *Faber & Faber.* 21s.

The Anglo-Chinese war of 1839–40 is not by a long chalk the worst blot on the British copy-book, but it is not an episode in which we can take much pride, even though it added Hong-Kong to the Empire. In a narrative that is possibly the best he has yet written, Mr. Collis describes with his usual skill the series of events, dramatic and comic, which culminated in that short and not very bloody conflict.

Up to and during the 1830s, the period covered by the book, European trade with China had been conducted through one port, Canton. This trade was governed by the Eight Regulations, stringent and humiliating rules designed to keep the Barbarians (the Chinese term for all foreigners) in their place. They particularly irked a Britain seeking fresh fields for mercantile expansion. Because of them the East India Company found it impossible to pay for its tea purchases with goods, and it was largely this fact that brought opium smuggling into being. This opium traffic was an astonishing business. By Imperial Decree the drug was prohibited the country; nevertheless, so much was smuggled in, with the connivance of almost everybody but the Emperor, that it paid for the tea and contributed largely to the revenues of India, source of the opium. Yet profitable though this discreditable traffic was, both the merchants engaged in it and the British Government who tacitly countenanced it, would have been only too glad to see it replaced by normal and decent trading. It was to force China to open her ports for this purpose, rather than any fundamental quarrel over opium, that led Britain to open hostilities.

As readers of his other books know, the particular appeal of Mr. Collis' writing is his ability to use facts with the minimum of speculation, and yet, by presenting selected episodes in a vivid and dramatic fashion, to make his narrative as exciting as any fictional adventure tale. In *Foreign Mud* the facts are well authenticated, with the pros and cons of the situation fairly stated. But you won't necessarily have to be interested in the rights and wrongs of the 'Opium Imbroglio' to find it extraordinarily difficult to put the book down before the end is reached. It should be mentioned that it is finely produced and has some excellent reproductions of old engravings.

29 RAYMOND ANDERSON


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# CORRESPONDENCE

## Labour and the Colour Bar

Sir,—I wish to point out three inaccuracies in your January issue. (1) On p. 40 David Gunston, says *à propos* of whales: 'the other and smaller species are caught each year at the shore station near Durban.' (2) On p. 37, your contributor, L. James, writes *à propos* of South Africa's recent Indian legislation: 'It was opposed by three parties—the Nationalists, the Dominion Party and the Labour Party.' Having failed in the demand for a Select Committee to make a more fundamental approach and find a more equitable solution to the problem, the Labour Party supported this Bill. (3) Also on p. 37, the same contributor writes: 'The South African Labour Party is a mockery. It stands for maintaining the whites in the best-paid jobs.' The Labour Party alone among the Parliamentary parties of this country has for years unremittingly pressed for equal pay for equal work, *regardless of race or colour*, and on these terms is prepared to encourage non-Europeans to enter all trades and professions.

*From: Margaret Mackenzie, Johannesburg, Union of S. Africa.*

## A Cheap Sneer

Sir,—The cheap sneer in the *Sunday Pictorial* today has merely strengthened your protest. Congratulations on having made it.

*From: Victor Hilton, Editor, Westcountry News Service, Torquay.*

## The Sunday Pictorial

Sir,—The writer is one of the 294 critics of the *Sunday Pictorial* poll asking for public votes in respect of the possible forthcoming marriage of our Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip of Greece.

I wrote the *Sunday Pictorial* as soon as their intentions were published and stated that if public opinion was so important and a poll really necessary, then the poll should be conducted by the proper officials of the Government, and not by any newspaper. The *Sunday Pictorial* spoke of the reception of the news in America and Russia and possible feelings. I suggested we might ask Marshal Stalin and President Truman for their agreement to the marriage. Yes, Mr. Hulton, I have come to the conclusion after reading the *Sunday Pictorial* for many years that this 'paragon of journalistic propriety' is certainly living up to the aforementioned apt description quoted recently in Parliament by a well-known M.P. who felt that sarcasm was not out of place in that instance, and all people of good taste will think the same.

*From: George Wordsworth, Plaistow, E.13.*

## The Anatomy of Peace!

Sir,—In his article, published in the February issue of *World Review*, Emery Reves supports his theme by a very plausible interpretation of general historical facts. He overlooks the human element and the development of a complex economic system in his simple explanation of historical sequences.

When 'we become men, we put away childish things', so when we develop the right attitude towards life, then only will wars be no more. Lasting peace will not result from UNO deliberation because of the failure of a League system but because people have not yet developed that high spiritual quality which would automatically eliminate wars for ever.

*From: D. Young, Normanton.*

## Jonathan Swifter!

Sir,—My congratulations on your March issue, which is conspicuous for the excellence and variety of its contents. I like the little quotations at the bottom of some of the pages.

On page 47 I note the following from Voltaire: 'Men are pleased enough if you expose follies in general, always provided you indicate no one in particular. Each one applies to his neighbour the satire which belongs to himself, and so all men laugh at the expense of each other.'

Jonathan Swift had already said the same thing in the Preface to *The Battle of the Books*, but more tersely and more effectively; 'Satire is a sort of glass wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own.'

*From: Arnold C. Taylor, Hove.*

# WHY WORRY?

WORRY uses an immense amount of vital force. People who worry not only use up their energy during the day by worrying, but they rob themselves of that greatest of all restoratives, sleep. People who worry can't sleep. They lose their appetite. They often end up by getting really ill. How often have you heard it said, 'I am worried to death!'?

What do you suppose would happen if a person who was putting himself into mental, moral and physical bankruptcy by worrying were to convert all this worry-energy into constructive action? In no time at all he would have accomplished so much that he would have nothing to worry about.

Nothing is more discouraging to a worrying person than to have someone say, 'Oh, don't worry, it will all come out right!'

That is not reassuring at all. The worrying one can't see how it is going to come out all right. But if the men and women who worry could be shown how to overcome the troubles and difficulties that cause worry, they soon would cease wasting their very life-blood in worrying. Instead they would begin devoting their energies to a constructive effort that would gain them freedom from worry for the rest of their lives.

You say that sounds plausible, but can it be done?

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# Cross-Section

## OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

### As the Kremlin Smiles

THE United States' proposal to annex 623 Pacific islands under the guise of United Nations trusteeship, and the Soviet Union's abrupt acquiescence, suggest that Russia feels it has found a basis for mutual understanding. The Soviet will look the other way while the United States grabs what it wants, and in return the United States will be expected to do—guess what?

Russia already has the Kurile Islands and southern Sakhalin by secret agreement at Yalta, and naval bases at Port Arthur and the Porkkala Peninsula by treaty with China and Finland. It would also like to have bases at Spitzbergen, along the Arctic Circle, which belongs to Norway, Bornholm Island, in the Baltic Sea, which belongs to Denmark, and Jan Mayen Island, near Iceland. It wants sole trusteeship of Tripolitania. Very conceivably Russia would be amenable to an annexation-trusteeship for northern Korea. There is no doubt whatever that it wants bases on the Dardanelles and the Bosporus on the terms of one-nation monopoly which the United States Government proposes for itself in the case of the former Japanese-mandated islands in the Pacific.

Is the United States prepared to enter into any such cynical horse-trading with Moscow? Or is it prepared to go the whole hog of hypocrisy and pretend that armed nationalistic expansionism is by some phenomenon of logic all right for the United States and all wrong for Russia?

Britain and France have not acted so cynically as the United States in seeking to prostitute the device of UN trusteeship to nationalistic armament. Their trusteeship proposals regarding certain East African lands do not contain the 'strategic area' clause under which this country could shut off any of the areas—or all of them—from scrutiny by the outside world.

*New York Herald Tribune*

### Where do we Stand?

So where do we stand, after this grand economic inquest? The Government prescription, it is plain, is the treatment as before, only more so. They propose to go on as they have been going, only with a frown on their brows instead of with a song in their hearts. Indeed, they have learned in these last few months that they are politically incapable of doing anything else. Every avenue to a positive policy is blocked to them. They cannot adopt a realistic financial policy, partly because that would involve abandoning Mr. Dalton's policy of over-cheap money, and partly because they could not face the odium of deliberately setting out to reduce the money incomes of the wage-earners. They cannot pursue a positive labour policy because the trade unions will not have it. They cannot call industry to their aid, for that would mean abandoning the nationalisation programme. And they cannot embark upon a great campaign of moral leadership because Mr. Attlee is Mr. Attlee. So all they can do is to stand pat upon the collection of administrative expedients they inherited from the Coalition as modified by the pressure of events in the last eighteen months, and excuse themselves by the newly discovered limitations of democratic planning.

Both sides showed some concern with the concept of democratic planning, and there was obvious heart-searching on both sides of the House. Democratic planning as interpreted by the White Paper is obviously not a very effective or satisfactory system of managing the nation's economic affairs. The Government are almost openly faced with the dilemma of either going forward until their planning is no longer democratic or of going back until some of their followers will say it is no longer planning.

*Economist*

# Making radio history

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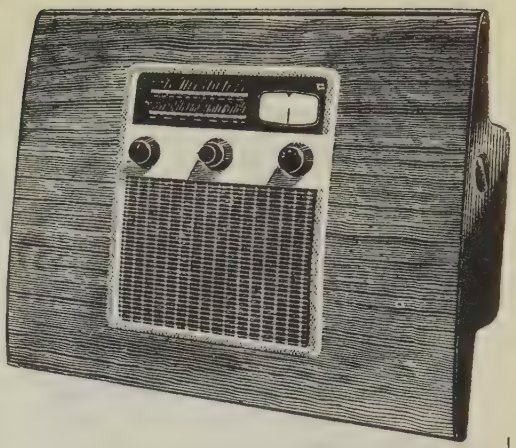

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# Charms against Pain

In ancient Greece, when a particularly effective remedy was discovered for any disease, its formula was engraved on the posts of the Temple of Æsculapius, the god of healing, who, before his deification, had himself practised as a physician, about the year 1250 B.C. He prescribed natural remedies for disease and, in the absence of efficient analgesics, employed soothing charms for the relief of pain and magic songs to increase their effects.

Our medical science of to-day, with its X-rays and its anæsthetics, would have appeared quite incredible magic to those early practitioners, whose experiments and progress were based largely on guesswork. To-day progress is based on knowledge, and one discovery leads to another.

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## Export Drive?

CRITICISM is being made of the way in which some British business houses are dealing with inquiries from overseas firms.

In the current issue of *Mexican Trade News Letter* it is stated that often letters to British firms are not even acknowledged, let alone dealt with and acted on.

The journal continues: 'We would tell you of the method recommended to us for ensuring reply to a letter written to a British firm. It seems that you address your letter simultaneously by Air Mail, registered, to the Chairman and known members of the Board individually, as also severally to the General Manager, Export Manager and other known members of his staff.

'If no reply is received, repeat the dose weekly until results are said to be satisfactory, although we are not prepared to guarantee their being free of philatelic influence. We even know one man who claims a 1946 catalogue from Britain! But then agents are notorious braggarts. The truth cannot be tested for he says that he keeps the catalogue in the office safe!'

*South American World*

## The Future of Literature

How is literature likely to fare in the stringent, the critical economic circumstances of the next few years? It is to the writer—the imaginative writer—that speculation must turn first, since all else waits upon him. What are the prospects in his case? Prosperity in a nation—prosperity such as we have no hope of achieving for some time—may not of itself favour imaginative creation, but is there anything more necessary for creation of any sort than the leisure which in an industrial society commonly springs from prosperity? There is surely nothing, unless it be the confidence, the sense of adventure, the faith in the future which has marked all the great ages of literature. Leisure is likely to be precarious in the years immediately ahead. And confidence?

It would be folly to refuse to recognise the fact that the outlook for the creative writer at the present day is bleak. For we are all, readers as well as writers, occupied to an increasing extent by the material circumstances of our time, increasingly absorbed by the practical business of living our reduced and impoverished lives. Our artistic devotions are steadily being pushed aside. Not for the purest aesthete among us today the superb disdain of Villiers de l'Isle Adam—'As for living, our servants will do that for us!' This is a servantless age, an age of grimly utilitarian needs and pressures.

All practical difficulties apart, the horizons of the poet, the novelist, the writer of imaginative temperament are clouded by the distractions of a shifting chaos in the world's affairs, by all the signs and portents of crisis in the morning newspaper. Whether the highest art and literature does in fact require the existence of a leisured class in society—whether, as Mr. Arnold Toynbee has put it, culture becomes sterilised as it is diffused—this, perhaps, is an academic question. What is certain is that the intellectual freedom of which, in the phrase of an older humanist, great writings are born, is unavailing without the impulse of faith. Writers—and readers also—are today in mind and spirit like people besieged; in the press of contemporary events it is only faith in the future that enables us to nourish imagination.

*Times Literary Supplement*

## Fishy Business

'I AM not paid by the Ministry of Food, therefore I did not snoop for them,' is the reported reply of Mr. Jack Howard Complin, ex-Serviceman of Leytonstone, to the query 'You went to snoop for the Ministry of Food?' Mr. Complin, it appears, having been refused a licence by the Ministry to keep a fish shop, went to the Heathcote Hotel, Leytonstone, with the knowledge and approval of the Food Office, and asked to buy two pairs of kippers, choosing, whether by accident or design I cannot say, a busy period at which to make his request. The manageress sold him, for a shilling, two pairs of kippers, valued at slightly under 9½d., without bothering to weigh them. Mr. Complin, after taking the kippers to a butcher's shop and having them weighed, reported the matter to the Food Office.

The English law taking its inexorable course, this monstrous crime committed by the manageress of the hotel, with the technical connivance of, apparently, the licensee and the barmaid, resulted in all three being summoned for selling the kippers without being licensed to do so, and for selling them at an excessive price. The summonses were dismissed under the Probation Act. The incident cost the defendants £9 in costs, a sum rather over 80,000 per cent greater than the illegal profit which would have been made had the summonses not been brought.

*Truth*

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*Stuarts*

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Whatever imperfections may have marred the Golden Age which philosophers and poets have delighted to imagine, nerve strain was not one of them. Nerve strain is a product of our modern civilization, and it has never been more widely prevalent than it is to-day. "In the present state of medical knowledge", say the doctors "we have no more certain means of alleviating this strain than organic phosphorus and protein in chemical combination". That is why they are prescribing 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for it is only in the form of 'Sanatogen' that these two essential nerve foods can be fully absorbed and assimilated. If you are feeling over-tired, run-down, on edge—ask your chemist if he has a tin of 'Sanatogen'.

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## An American Looks at Britain

So far as we can see in America, the Government in Britain is still temporising with its fundamental manpower problem.

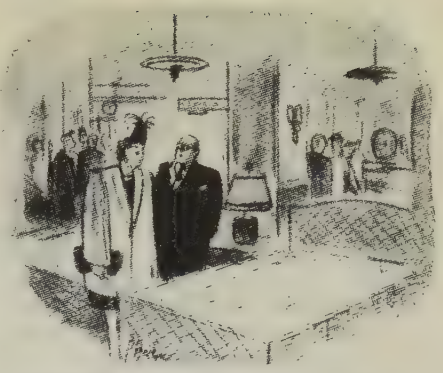
In its economic planning the Labour Government is overwhelmed by its heritage of Socialist doctrine. It has been more concerned with the long, slow and largely irrelevant legalism of nationalisation than with a radical attack on the low level of production and productivity in British industry. As compared with the dynamic planning of M. Monnet in France, the British Government's economic programme appears to be negative and even restrictive. . . .

British productivity in most industries is lower than in America, for two general reasons: the low level of mass education in Britain and the increasingly monopolistic organisation of British industry.

American popular education is not yet at the level of the best British and American schools and universities. But it does provide American business and industry with intelligent, adaptable, and well-trained manpower. Britain is not behind America, or any other country, in pure science. But she is behind America in large-scale education, in applied science and in the mass adaptation of science to industry. The typical British works manager, promoted from the ranks, is an admirable and resourceful workman. But he cannot compare as an engineering executive with the product of training at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, or its counterparts in most of the American state universities. To improve the level of general education, especially in engineering and business subjects, should be a basic element in an effective British programme for improving productivity and production. . . .

For the considerable parts of the British economy not scheduled for nationalisation the British Government would do well to consider going back to common law principles against monopoly and restraints of trade. Those principles have had their most extended development in the United States, in our experience with the Sherman Act. That statute, which abroad is commonly, and wrongly, regarded as a dead letter in American economic life, has been a powerful negative factor *inhibiting* monopoly organisation.

*Manchester Guardian*



*'Well Madam, there's only one way to find out'*

NEW YORKER

## Looking Ahead!

On the basis of this much simplified analysis of a possible World War, some five to ten years from now, we reach the following conclusions:

(*a*) There might first be a limited conflict in the Middle East, in which Russia would improve substantially her position in that area.

(*b*) With or without such a preliminary conflict, a major war, as such, would be started by a Russian attack in Central Europe.

(*c*) Such an attack would involve a large element of surprise, and would result in Russia's overrunning Western Europe, as far as the Pyrenees. Great Britain would be made untenable as a major base for the defence of Europe.

(*d*) The Western powers would be unable to prevent such a development, or to drive Russia out of Western Europe once it was established there.

(*e*) The Western powers would be able, however, due to their sea and air supremacy over the Atlantic, to prevent Russia from developing Western Europe as an adequate base for an attack against America, across the Atlantic.

(*f*) In the resulting situation, the Americas could neither destroy nor conquer Russia, nor could Russia destroy or conquer the Americas—this notwithstanding popular but unrealistic ideas concerning the possibilities of new weapons, and of transpolar and transocean warfare.

(*g*) Not only would another World War be the greatest crime in human history, but it would result in a gigantic stalemate, completely futile in solving the basic differences between the Soviet and the Western worlds.

*World Report*

## English Replaces German in Norwegian Schools

THE Norwegian Education Council has forwarded a new proposal to the Ministry of Church and Education recommending a reduction in German studies in the secondary schools with a corresponding increase in English instruction. The new plan envisages a general expansion of English language and cultural instruction in Norwegian secondary schools.

During the German occupation of Norway, Nazi school authorities reduced English language instruction to a bare minimum and instituted a broad expansion of German language studies. Shortly after the liberation the pre-war curriculum was restored. Now, however, a further expansion of English studies is proposed, and should compensate for the lack of English instruction during the war.

Press Bulletin (Norway)

## Buying Titles

ARE titles coming? This question is gaining favourable comments in certain quarters, and I would not be a bit surprised to see something tangible taking place in this direction in the near future. Many are of the opinion that titles here are dying out; well, that is very little loss, and if things continue as they are outside this country we will soon have a 'full house' of titles to make up for the 'losses' of twenty-five years ago, when the titled people cleared away. Things have now changed and it is discovered that we are not so bad as people thought we were. Up to a short time ago, it was possible to buy titles here and in other countries, and vast sums given to various political parties secured a title; then there were hereditary ones and they are dying out, but are replaced by other means. The 'black marketeers' and some of our industrialists could afford to give considerable sums for a title, and our revenue would gain considerably by offering them to the highest bidder. I hope it will never come to that!

*Tuam Herald*

## Abracadabra!

THREE weeks ago a parson friend of mine sent three shirts and a pullover to the laundry.

Yesterday his laundry delivered. His parcel contained three Mickey Mouse handkerchiefs and a pair of peach-coloured scanties.

*Daily Mirror*

## French Recovery?

THE recovery of France as provided for by the Monnet Plan involves a mechanism which needs to be constantly and regularly fed. If one wheel stops, the whole edifice totters. There must be coal, men, and money so that the regular flow of imports and exports may continue uninterruptedly and may in their turn supply manpower, coal, and money. But in order that this may happen, and that France may become in the full sense of the words a going concern, a paying proposition, she needs the confidence of her people, not only in herself but also in her allies; and she needs that those allies should realise in their turn that France possesses inexhaustible resources of energy, and that a strong France is a guarantee for the peace and equilibrium of the world.

*World Today*

## Loose Friends!

THEY were married at a quiet ceremony yesterday, attended only by a few loose friends and relatives, in Beverly Hills.

*San Francisco Examiner*

## 'Teen-ager' Taste

SLANG gets more tortuous than ever, and teenagers are describing their dates as 'slick mice', 'well-eyelashed', 'nice crockery', 'a nice hunk of dry goods', 'someone to gnash fangs and bump gums with.'

And a competition to show which ten men American girls would like to go out with brought the following names: Humphrey Bogart, Anthony Eden, General Eisenhower, James Mason, Ernest Hemingway, Gregory Peck, Frank Sinatra, Averell Harriman, Gene Kelly, and baseball star Hank Greenberg.

*Daily Mail*

## 'Butlineers'

THE Butlin brand of happiness is obviously administered rather than taken. If the pressure were removed, the hilarity probably would collapse like a punctured balloon. Butlineers take their pleasures not so sadly as the mythical Englishman is supposed to take them, yet with less spontaneity and abandon than the average American. They speak moderately, and, except when led by a redcoat, avoid shouting and screaming. Although they are encouraged to come even to Divine Service on Sunday in sports togs, they dress conventionally and usually wear shorts only on the playing field.

*Fortune*

## Now You Know

Q. '*Raising one's hat to a woman, offering her one's seat in the bus—are such gestures out of keeping with the modern ideal of sex equality?*'

No, I think there is some confusion here. Let us take a concrete example. Miss Jones is a teacher, and is responsible for a class of thirty children. Now in my view Miss Jones as a teacher is entitled to the same salary and privileges as her colleague, Mr. Robinson, who is also responsible for a class of thirty children. If the responsibility is the same and the work is the same, then the pay and privileges should be the same. That is sex equality.

But that is no reason why Mr. Robinson should not raise his hat to Miss Jones. He does this in another sphere of relationships altogether. He is raising his hat to Miss Jones as a woman.

It would be a terrible ant-hill of a world if men and women stopped recognising all sex differences in their private lives. (Actually, of course, this world could not go on.)

I am not pretending that all the charming gestures of chivalry can survive when men and women are doing the same kind of work. Respectable young Victorian ladies were not supposed to go out alone. (This suggests there was a good deal of anti-chivalry about.) But there is no reason why the small charming courtesies between the sexes should not exist in a world of economic sex equality.

I must drop a hint, however, that if the men are still asked to be gentlemanly at times, the women must respond by being ladylike.

J. B. PRIESTLEY in *John Bull*

## Dept. of Understatement

[*From the opinion of the Supreme Court in the case of Ballard v. The United States of America, December 9, 1946*]

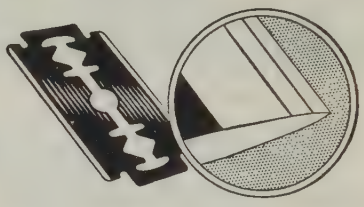
The truth is that the two sexes are not fungible; a community made up exclusively of one is different from a community composed of both; the subtle interplay of influence one on the other is among the imponderables.

*New Yorker*

## Training for Art

To succeed as an art critic, the beginner should study contemporary gossip-writing and practise running for short distances. ERIC NEWTON


**Gillette put shoulders behind each edge!**



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NAME

ADDRESS

## Jean-Paul Sartre

BUT even now that the sun has gone down on the once teeming school of pseudo-existentialists, Sartre remains fashionable. This popular vogue has sprung up since the Liberation. Frenchmen, today, particularly Parisians, seem to recognise his mental climate as that of their lives. Before the war, the disgust which is the peculiar emanation of his books, the pessimism and the rootless existences of his characters, might still have seemed overdone. Today, Paris, with the smell of decay over it, paralysed, frustrated, nauseated, has become in a curious way the Paris of Sartre: a capital whose tomorrow, if there is one, is still hidden in the clouds. Pessimism here is the café pessimism of Sartre, not the heroic pessimism of Malraux: and Sartre combines with it what is also greatly appreciated at the moment, an attitude of high moral indignation towards the shortcomings of others, especially politicians. As a novelist he revels in squalor, as a political journalist in wrathful indignation. This is true to the new France, where the very concierge pauses between two illicit deals to observe darkly that the people will not tolerate the existing corruption for much longer.

Sartre himself is probably one of the happiest and most 'realised' people in the country. A genuine pessimist does not pour out a stream of plays and books, but sits with his head in his hands or reaches for the bottle. His friends assert that, far from being the broody, somewhat Teutonic nihilist that one might be tempted to imagine, Sartre is always cheerful, gay, and enchanted with everything. This may largely result from the change-over from schoolmastering to the life of a highly successful writer, fêted, photographed, surrounded by the admiring young, and with eager foreign journalists gathering about him wherever he settles, like wasps on a ripe plum.

What is certain is that Sartre as a proletarian, as a revolutionary, does not come off. Although there are Marxists, as indeed there are Christians, among the serious existentialists, Sartre has no appeal whatever for the toiling masses. His doctrine of 'engagement' finds no response among those who are engaged willy-nilly, and they do not read him any more than the other literary intellectuals with elaborate ideas for their welfare: their own organs regularly launch the bitterest of attacks upon him. The class in which he is truly at home, even while savouring the horror of it to the last drop, is his own. *Observer*

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JENNY WREN

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Far more important, I should think,
Her white teeth keep her 'in the pink'!
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I'm just a Wren, without a tooth,
But 'little birds' oft tell the truth!

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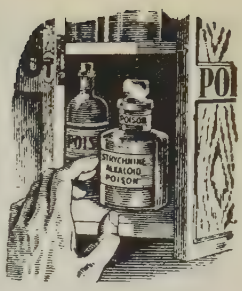


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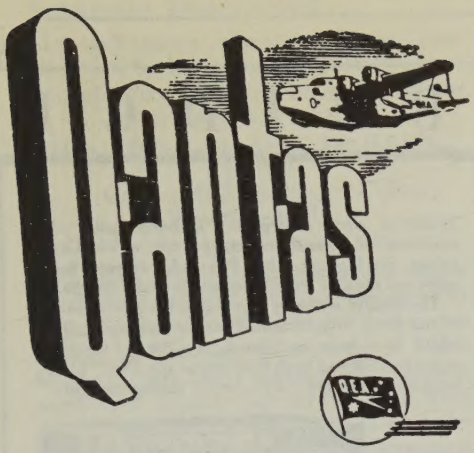


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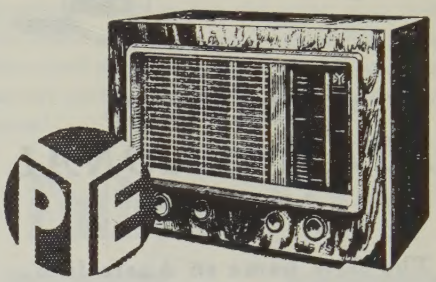


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AS 77

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MY well-known admiration for academic distinction has led to my acquisition of a letter whose heading I find very impressive. It runs

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Cranmer Hall Theological College,
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President International S.C.A.

The long arm of coincidence adds a double interest here. Pembridge Hall, some readers may remember, is, or was, the home of the London College of Theology (University of North Madras). There has, I believe, been a divorce recently, if London can divorce itself from something in Madras that never was. I wonder if Bayswater realises what a wealth of learning is burgeoning in its midst. Church dignitaries with 'D.D. (Pembridge)' after their names should soon be agreeably common.

JANUS in the *Spectator*

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YOUNG gentleman requires comfortable digs with free board in Ormeau Road area.—Box 4426a. *Belfast Telegraph*

## Outsider

AS evidence of the extent to which New York has become the capital of the world, we cite the case of a gentleman who got into a crowded elevator in the Biltmore the other day. One passenger nudged a companion and announced, '*Americano*', whereupon everyone turned and looked at him with respectful curiosity.

*New Yorker*

## Kindly Note!

I, DICK EREFUROFA YELLOW STRONGFACE of Iloma, Opobo, formerly known as Dick Erefurofa Jaja, beg to inform the general public that as from the 1st February, 1947, I desire to be known, called and addressed as Dick Erefurofa Yellow Strongface.

All letters, receipts and other documents bearing my former names remain valid.

(Sgd.) D. E. Yellow Strongface

*Nigerian Eastern Mail*

## Doubtful Compliment

THE young daughter of a well-known woman painter danced in glee on hearing that one of her mother's paintings had been purchased by a famous museum. 'Oh, Mama,' she exclaimed joyfully, 'that makes you an old mistress, doesn't it?' BEN WOLF in *Art Digest*

## Taste

THIS will, I know, take a lot of believing, but I can produce a witness to prove that recently a woman customer asked for a scarf specifying 'something tasteful that will liven up a black coat I've to wear at a funeral.' *Men's Wear*

## Rip Van Winkle

LARGE notice exhibited today in a public telephone-box at Airways Terminal, Victoria:

'Be brief—a war call may be waiting.'

*—Well, have you finished sulking?*
LA FRANCE

## Teaching History

THE other day I had occasion to write something about the teaching of history in private schools, and the following scene, which was only rather loosely connected with what I was writing, floated into my memory. It was less than fifteen years ago that I witnessed it.

'Jones!'

'Yessir!'

'Causes of the French Revolution?'

'Please, sir, the French Revolution was due to three causes, the teachings of Voltaire and Rousseau, the oppression of the nobles by the people and—'

At this moment a faint chill, like the first premonitory symptom of an illness, falls upon Jones. Is it possible that he has gone wrong somewhere? The master's face is inscrutable. Swiftly Jones casts his mind back to the unappetising little book, with the gritty brown cover, a page of which is memorised daily. He could have sworn he had the whole thing right. But at this moment Jones discovers for the first time the deceptiveness of visual memory. The whole page is clear in his mind, the shape of every paragraph accurately recorded, but the trouble is that there is no saying which way round the words go. He had made sure it was the oppression of the nobles by the people; but then it might have been the oppression of the people by the nobles. It is a toss-up. Desperately he takes his decision—better to stick to his first version. He gabbles on:

'The oppression of the nobles by the people and—'

'JONES!'

Is that kind of thing still going on, I wonder?

GEORGE ORWELL in *Tribune*

## A New Reader

THIS morning I set out with three pounds of grapes and a copy of *Trek*. I climbed the slopes of Table Mountain above Oranjezicht and settled down in the shade of a tree with my back against a rock. My intention was to have a few hours enjoyable reading of *Trek*.

Very soon my attention was distracted by a squirrel in search of food. I followed the nervous little creature for a few hundred yards and then returned to my rock. Imagine my surprise when I found that both my bag of grapes and copy of *Trek* had disappeared, pinched.

I could understand the matter as far as the grapes were concerned, but as regards *Trek*. . . .

I knew *Trek* was important, but, dash it all, I hadn't counted on its being so valuable and so popular.

*Trek*

## Tact *versus* Fact

THE Chinese version of 'The MerryWidow' is said to have been presented under the title 'He Dead, She Glad'. Such ruthless stripping of the pleasant words with which we seek to cushion a harsh reality is thought-provoking. Should we attempt to follow this Oriental lead and drop all half-truths that pass for politeness? Should we even subject our old favourites to a thorough scrutiny on these lines?

If so, 'The Harmonious Blacksmith' might become simply 'Worker's Playtime', and 'King Lear', 'Juvenile Crooks Dupe Dotard'.

It is a recent fashion to attribute the basest possible motives to human behaviour. Yet may not the widow have been merry *in spite* of the fact that 'he' was dead . . .?

Laughter may hide an aching heart and tears the crocodile's teeth. But there is no discrepancy between appearance and reality in the case of a garment bearing the 'Sanforized' label, for it can never shrink out of fit.

SODALIS
Advert in *Manchester Guardian*

## 'Mildewing!'

EX-COMMANDO major (29) and delectably attractive wife (25) seek opportunity together; expensively educated, travelled, athletic, personable, with high initiative and worldly experience; now mildewing in post-war anti-climax.

Advertisement in *The Times*

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